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THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING.—THE DORSETSHIRE MEN FIGHTING HAND-TO-HAND WITH THE ENEMY IN A NULLAH ON THE TSERI-KANDAO PASS.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

In the course of the hot rearguard action in which General Kempster's Brigade became involved in crossing the Tseri-Kandao Pass on Nov. 16 the 15th Sikhs were hotly pressed by the Afridis on the northern side of the ridge. The 36th Sikhs were sent up to reinforce them, followed by two companies of the Dorsetshire Regiment. Night was falling, and more than half of the Dorsetshire force was cut off in a nullah by the enemy, who poured a fierce fire upon them from the adjoining heights, and then descended to close quarters. The Dorsetshires fought splendidly, but lost two officers and thirteen men before winning their way through to rejoin the 36th Sikhs.

OUR NOTE BOOK.

BY JAMES PAYN.

There is a long-lived lamentation and an ancient tale of wrong constantly steaming up from our reviewers concerning the feeble quality of the fiction that it is their business to discourse upon. The allegation no doubt is true, and never so true as at the present time, when every month hundreds of novels are poured forth upon an unexpected, but far from unsuspecting, public. Some people suppose that what is published is necessarily read, and that the ordinary law of supply and demand holds good in this case as in all others. It does nothing of the kind: the producer, in nine cases out of ten, is only the vendor in so far as he offers his work for sale; it is not bought by anybody—or rather, such a few copies are sold (and those to the libraries at a price far below the advertised one) that no profit is ever realised. In a few cases the publisher may be the sufferer because the cost of production is not defrayed, but by far the majority of these works are published at the expense of the authors. Some publishers have no other business than to be accoucheurs of this kind, and, indeed, most of their clients are ladies. The readers of fiction are, no doubt, exceedingly numerous, but the public that reads rubbish is by no means so large as is supposed. There are, of course, people who will read anything, just as there are drunkards who will drink "all nations," as that amalgam of liquors is said to be called which drops through the holes—made expressly for its accommodation—of public-house counters, and is afterwards retailed as a vintage of its own, probably the cheapest liqueur extant. If what is set before the reviewer is too often of this description, he is only required to taste it (though one must admit that a drop is a drop too much), and pass on. Does he suppose that there are no disagreeable draughts from the fountains of Law and Theology that he makes such a fuss about this hardship of his profession?

Though not many novel-readers patronise absolute rubbish, there are a vast number who read with pleasure the works of third-rate or even fourth-rate writers. Their intelligence is very limited, and they prefer authors in a similar condition, who express their own ideas, or something just a little above them, with a command of language they themselves do not possess. This is the secret—if we except the victories of transcendent genius—of all very large circulations. A writer of our own time who has an exceptional acquaintance with the lower ranks of those who pursue literature as a calling, and also of their readers, maintains that this state of things is a satisfactory one. If the million did not read the works in question, he says, they would read nothing: they are being gradually though very slowly elevated, and their authors are doing a good work, though they may be much overpaid for it.

After all, it is far from an advantage to be fastidious. Next to the merry heart which goes all the way, and is the greatest blessing vouchsafed by fairy godmother, is the catholic mind. The aspiration to see "books in the running brooks" (except grammars) strikes one as discreditable, but to see "good in everything" is in literary matters indeed an attribute to be desired. Leigh Hunt possessed it in probably greater proportion than any human being, and derived in consequence the greatest enjoyment from books. He found beauties, and has revealed them to us, which would otherwise have blushed unseen for ever; and his delight in discovering them resembles that of an explorer who in stony ground comes upon a nugget of gold. One of the evils of culture is that it blinds its devotees to the more simple and homely charms of literature. "Not to admire," they think, exhibits their superiority, and is a feather in their cap; but it is plucked from a goose's wing.

Few actions of recent years have excited more interest than that respecting the unconscious signature of a promissory note. The knavery of the deceiver is held to be hardly greater than the folly of the deceived, and the general conclusion arrived at is that a man who is fool enough to sign a document of the nature of which he is ignorant deserves to lose anything, including pity. Considering the unintelligible nature of law documents, and the exceeding dislike of business matters that is entertained by many otherwise reasonable people, it seems to me that this is a hard judgment. How many of us must admit that we have done this very thing when transacting—of course under the supervision of our lawyer—our own affairs! What do we know of that piece of parchment, full of hieroglyphics, meaningless repetitions, and obsolete phrases, which he puts into our hands, with "You must sign just there, where the parchment is wetted"? (Conceive a state of things in the nineteenth century where such an operation has to precede an autograph!) For my part, I have often been asked—on account, I suppose, of the gravity and seriousness of my character—to witness people's wills. It has annoyed me, of course, for I know enough of law to be aware that a witness's signature invalidates any bequest to him, but I have consented; and whether I have signed a will or a bill, I have not the slightest idea. However, I have never had a misfortune of this kind brought home to me but

once, when I unfortunately committed forgery; for in copying out a German exercise in the German characters at school from a friend who knew more about it than myself, I signed his name instead of my own. The Lord Chief Justice, as represented by the Head Master, decided, as I have good cause to remember, against the defendant.

In the course of the late trial it was suggested that the case was somewhat on a par with what the position of the eloquent counsel for the plaintiff would have been if some young lady (as was likely) had asked him for his autograph, over which someone had written his promise to pay. This parallel adds another horror to celebrity, a very little of which suffices as an excuse to the autograph-hunter. In his excellent "Handy Book of Literary Curiosities," Mr. Walsh tells us of various methods of defence used by the victims of this pursuit. Jean Ingelow made a number of signed copies of her favourite poems, and placed them with her American publisher to be sold for a charity at two dollars apiece to applicants for her handwriting. She must have had a high notion of the estimation in which it was held. An autograph-hunter who flattered himself he could get one out of Tennyson (a very shy bird as regards that class of fowler) asked him by letter which was the better dictionary, Webster's or Ogilvie's. By the next post came a half-sheet of notepaper on which was pasted the word "Ogilvie," cut out of the correspondent's own letter. How the poet was caught at last—there were a brace of them, for Carlyle fell into the same snare—by the unsuccessful shipowner who asked permission to name his last and only vessel by their honoured names, is well known. Horace Greeley was once applied to by an enthusiastic young applicant for one of the autograph letters of Edgar Poe, of which he was known to have a collection. He responded immediately: "Dear Sir,—Among my literary treasures there happens to be an available autograph of our country's late lamented poet. It is his note of hand for 50.00 dollars, with my endorsement on the back. It cost me exactly 50.75 (including protest), and you can have it for half that amount." Greeley, in his "Recollections of a Busy Life," remarks that this offer was not accepted, and that the note remained on his hands "on sale at the original price, notwithstanding the lapse of time and the depreciation of our currency."

Mark Twain replies to his torturers by a few well-chosen and type-written words: "No man takes pleasure in exercising his trade as a pastime. Writing is my trade. You might make your request to a doctor, or a builder, or a sculptor, and there would be no impropriety in it, but you would not ask for a specimen of his handiwork. It would not be fair to ask a doctor for one of his deceased patients to remember him by." My friend Stanley Weyman sends a printed circular to applicants for his autograph to say that if they will enclose twelve stamps for a certain charity they shall have it. This is much more modest than Miss Ingelow's charge (though, to be sure, she threw a poem into the bargain), yet he tells me that his method of defence has been very efficacious; there are only a few applicants whose enthusiasm is not damped by that preparatory shilling.

The rarest autographs in the world are probably Shakspeare's. Only seven are claimed to exist: three signatures to his will (two of which are doubtful), two to conveyances of property, one in the folio edition of his plays (doubtful), and one in a translation of Montaigne; this last is in the British Museum, and cost over three hundred guineas. This total absence of record is as marvellous as his genius itself. He must have written many thousands of words (for it is not likely that he employed a typewriter), yet all have vanished. What would one give, not for a play, but even for a letter of his, no matter what the subject, written incontestably by himself! How we should like to know how he made his "very C's, his U's, and his T's," something that was, "in contempt of question, his own hand"! Stratford is a charming spot for any man's memory to be embalmed in, but a visit there does not bring us much nearer to him; all is legend, hearsay, hypothesis. Efflux of time has had little to do with it. We have personal information regarding kings, statesmen, and even other poets who have preceded him; how hard it seems we Englishmen should know least about our greatest!

In the report on the mortality of males in various professions, the clergy, of all kinds, are easily the first as regards long life. It seems a little hard that a calling which is supposed to think little of the things of this world should stay in it the longest. Next to being an annuitant there is nothing like being a cleric for longevity. The calling suffers most from a want of circulation (which is, of course, a very different thing in their case from popularity) and influenza. The comparative mortality figures as 532 for the clergy, 821 for the lawyers, and 966 for medical men! At first this looks bad for the last-named, who certainly ought to be able to cure themselves; but no one who has observed the exceptional imprudence exhibited by doctors in their eating and drinking will be surprised.

HOME AND FOREIGN NEWS.

Her Majesty the Queen, with the Prince and Princess of Wales, who arrived at Windsor Castle on Saturday, and with the other members of the royal family, commemorated the anniversary of the deaths of the Prince Consort and of Princess Alice on Tuesday, Dec. 14, by attending the yearly memorial service performed in the chapel of the Frogmore Albert Mausoleum, the Bishop of Winchester and the Dean of Windsor being the chief officiating clergymen, with the choral music performed by the lay clerks and choristers of St. George's Chapel.

Among her Majesty's visitors in the latter part of last week besides the Princes and Princesses were the United States Ambassador, with Mrs. Hay, the Right Hon. Joseph Chamberlain, with Mrs. Chamberlain, Sir Nicholas O'Connor, Ambassador to St. Petersburg, with Lady O'Connor, Mr. R. J. Kennedy, appointed Resident Minister in Montenegro. Mr. Henry White, Secretary to the American Embassy, and Sir Arthur Sullivan; and on preceding days the Austrian and Italian Ambassadors, the Duke and Duchess of Buccleuch, Lord and Lady Wolsley, Lord and Lady Burton. The Duke of Buccleuch was invested with the Order of the Garter.

On Thursday, Dec. 9, her Majesty, accompanied by the Duke of Connaught and Princess Henry of Battenberg, held an investiture of different Orders of Knighthood, conferring upon the late Lord Mayor of London, Alderman Sir George Faudel-Phillips, the honour of Grand Cross of the Bath; those of K.C.B. on General Sir Frederick Carrington, General Sir Henry Moore, General Sir J. M. Heriot Maitland, and Admiral Sir James E. Erskine; the Civil Order of the Bath on Sir Edward Frankland, Colonel Sir S. Ruggles-Brise, and Colonel Sir Robert White-Thomson; that of K.C.M.G. on Sir W. Alexander Baillie Hamilton, of the Colonial Office, Sir C. G. Brown, M.D., Sir Walter Peace, Agent-General for Natal, Sir E. M. Nelson, General Sir F. Marshall, and Sir Walter C. Hillier; and the Knighthood of the Indian Empire on Colonel Sir W. S. Bissett, R.E., General Sir E. Stedman, Sir John Jardine, Sir M. Merwanjee Bhowanagree, and Sir G. W. Allen.

The Queen would leave Windsor for Osborne, Isle of Wight, on Friday this week.

The Duke of Saxe-Coburg and Gotha left England last week on his return to Germany.

The German Emperor was at the Baltic naval port of Kiel on Tuesday and Wednesday bidding farewell to his brother, Admiral Prince Henry of Prussia, at his departure on board the *Deutschland*, with a squadron of cruisers and a military force of about 1400 marine infantry and artillery, besides volunteers, to strengthen the German hold on Kiao-Chau. His Majesty would accompany the ships through the Baltic Canal to the Elbe.

Germany is expected to demand of China either the cession or perpetual lease of Kiao-Chau with the adjacent territory for fifty or sixty miles, and with a railway to the Wei coal-beds. The amount of German shipping to and from the Chinese treaty ports is but a sixth or seventh part of the amount of British shipping; but it is more than twice as great as that of the French, Russian, Austrian, Scandinavian, American, and all other foreign nations together.

The political crisis of the Dual Sovereignty and federated Governments, the Austrian Empire and the Kingdom of Hungary, united in the personal reign of that excellent monarch, Francis Joseph, is not yet terminated. The renewal or continuation of their mutual legislative and constitutional bond of union, the "Ausgleich," being still obstructed by Parliamentary factions, animated by hatreds between the German and the Slavonic races, the Magyar national party in the Diet of Hungary seizes the opportunity to demand a certain degree of separation in the matter of fiscal tariffs, Customs duties, and the institution of a National Bank; the leader of the movement is M. Francis Kossuth. Baron Banffy, the Prime Minister in that kingdom, has now to contend with difficulties almost equal to those of the Austrian Premier. The existing Imperial Decree for carrying on the present administrative regulations will lapse at the end of the year.

French patriotic feeling is considerably excited by a reported military disaster in Central Africa to an expedition commanded by Captain Marchand, from the French Congo territory, which was to have gone north-east, and descending the Bahr-el-Gazal to have reached the White Nile, where it should meet, at Fashoda, a party led by M. de Bonchamps from Obok, on the Red Sea coast; after having already got reinforcements, on July 27, brought through Abyssinia by Captain Liotard. There is a rumour that Captain Bonchamps's force has been massacred, which appears not very probable, as it consisted of good West African troops under French officers; but it may have been compelled to retreat. The right of the French to enter the Valley of the White Nile, which, including the Bahr-el-Gazal, is Egyptian territory, formerly ruled by Emin Pasha for the Khedive, may well be questioned, although the Khedive's forces are quite unable to approach that region.

OUR ILLUSTRATIONS.

THE INDIAN FRONTIER WAR.

The active campaign of General Sir William Lockhart's army in Tirah has closed for the winter season, all his troops leaving Dagh, the late headquarters, and moving thirty or forty miles eastward, down from the highlands, which are now becoming covered with snow, to the Bara Valley, where the Commander-in-Chief is joined, at Barkai, by the column brought from Peshawar by General Hammond. This movement was begun on Dec. 7, from Dagh, by General Westmacott's Brigade, accompanied by Sir William Lockhart, and was followed next day by the Third Brigade. The Aka Khel tribes in some places harassed the troops by firing upon them from the heights, and assailed the pickets at night, but were repulsed and dispersed by the Scottish Borderers and part of the Dorsetshire Regiment. Their "sangars" or ramparts were knocked down by the artillery; and in the next two days, when the First Brigade and other troops entered the Waran Valley, all the towers which had been erected by the enemy, stated to number a hundred and fifty, were destroyed. On Saturday evening, the rear-guard of the Third Brigade, consisting of 350 men of the Gordon Highlanders, 2nd Gurkhas, and 2nd Punjab Infantry under Major Downman, were surrounded by large numbers of the enemy, near Sher Khel, but defended their position with good success, and in the morning came into camp. The Gordon Highlanders had four men killed and fourteen wounded; the loss of the native troops was about the same. Sir William Lockhart has issued a proclamation, "as an old friend," warning the Afridis to submit, and to let their wives and families return home; he says, "I do not wish my troops to be here in the cold, but I am not going to leave your country until you comply with the terms of the Government, and I shall attack you this month in your other settlements. Whatever your evil advisers may tell you, the Afridis attacking the English are like flies attacking a lion."

Our Illustrations from the sketches of our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior, this week include a picture of the scene in Sir William Lockhart's camp in the Maidan Valley on the occasion of the announcement of the Government's terms to the Orakzai "jirgahs" or councils consisting of the leading men of each tribe. These "maliks" or chieftains, most of them of very venerable years, listened closely to the recital of the terms of peace by Sir Richard Udny, a Knight Commander of the Star of India, who speaks the Pushta language with ease. After assuring Sir William Lockhart, through Sir Richard Udny, that they understood the terms proposed, the Orakzai representatives withdrew to put their agreement to the conditions into practical effect by surrendering all looted arms and property, collecting the fine of 35,000 rupees, and otherwise carrying out the various clauses of the compact. Another of Mr. Prior's sketches represents the hand-to-hand fight of the Dorsetshire men cut off in a nullah in their endeavour to reinforce the Sikhs on the northern side of the Tseri-Kandao Pass. But for this the great mêlée in which the combined Sikhs and Dorsets killed upwards of two hundred Afridis with naked steel would probably have resulted in still more signal loss on the part of the enemy.

THE REVOLT OF UGANDA TROOPS.

Three weeks ago we had to mention an untoward incident which took place a month before in the interior of East Africa, to the north-east of Lake Victoria Nyanza, towards the country of the Gallas, over whom the Emperor Menelik of Abyssinia claims territorial sovereignty, and whose abode is adjacent to Somaliland. An officer of the British Protectorate of Uganda, Major Macdonald, had been despatched with a military guard of some hundred and fifty Soudanese black soldiery, to examine the route from Kavirondo, with a view, it is understood, to proposals for establishing, in concert with the Abyssinian Empire, facilities of commercial traffic, which might be connected with ports on the Red Sea. It does not appear that this expedition, which was entirely peaceful, met with any native opposition; but it has been interrupted by a mutiny or revolt of the Soudanese troops under his command, who probably belonged to those formerly on the Upper Nile, at Wadelai or other stations near Lake Albert Nyanza, rebels against the Egyptian rule in the time of Emin Pasha. The Mahdist or Dervish faction in the Soudan is certainly associated with the virulent fanaticism of some Mohammedan chiefs in Uganda, who stirred up a fierce civil war in that country before the British Government intervened; and it seems that an armed band of Baganda (people of Uganda) zealous for the aggressive heretical sect of Islamites now dominant in the Soudan, followed the march of Major Macdonald, with a secret engagement to join his mutinous troops. The outbreak resulted in their defeat by sharp fighting, with about one hundred of the enemy killed, but with some loss of men on the side of the British commander; while Major Thurston and the engineer of a steam-launch on a neighbouring river, with another Englishman, were surprised and murdered in a place out of reach of help. Since that attack was repulsed, Major Macdonald, retaining his position, has been reinforced by more trustworthy troops both from Uganda and from the seaport of Mombasa, to which port the 27th Bombay Infantry have been sent from India. The whole military force in Uganda is to be reorganised on a new plan.

EAST WINDOW IN HECKINGTON CHURCH.

The finely architected window at the east end of the parish church of Heckington, in Lincolnshire, which ranks in magnitude as fourth or fifth among the flamboyant or curvilinear specimens in the country, has through the munificence of Mrs. Little, of Heckington Hall, been filled with stained glass, in memory of the late Mr. William Little. The window bears a great similarity in its stonework to the east window in Carlisle Cathedral, the west window in York Minster, and the east window in Selby Abbey, Yorkshire, and somewhat less closely, the east window of St. Mary's, Shrewsbury.

The great space which the window affords has lent itself to striking treatment in the matter of pictorial design. The seven main lights are divided into a centre triplet and two side couplets, and in them is illustrated the "Te Deum," and in the tracery the "Benedicite"—a happy bringing together of the Church's two great songs of praise. The three central lights are devoted to the representation of our Lord surrounded by the celestial beings, the nine orders of the angels. On his right and left hand,



NEW EAST WINDOW IN HECKINGTON CHURCH, LINCOLNSHIRE.

respectively, stand the Cherubim and Seraphim, covered with wings of rich splendour, and holding the emblems of sovereignty, the orb and the sceptre, and scrolls charged with the words "To Thee Cherubim and Seraphim continually do cry, Holy, Holy, Holy Lord God of Sabaoth." Immediately before the throne stand the two Archangels St. Michael and St. Gabriel, the former habited as the warrior, and holding the banner bearing the Christian emblem of the Church, the Holy Cross. Gabriel holds the Lily of the Annunciation, and both hold a scroll containing "To Thee all angels cry aloud, the Heavens, and all the Powers therein." The remaining orders of Virtues, offering up the prayers of the saints as incense before the throne—Thrones, Dominations, Principalities, Powers, Angels—are grouped in the lights next the central one. The four outside lights are devoted to the main sentences of the "Te Deum."

In the tracery over the main lights are illustrated the sentences of the "Benedicite," and in the three large main pieces, at the apex, is the earth under the hand of the Creator, with angels holding a scroll charged with the words "Oh let the earth bless the Lord, yea, let it praise Him and magnify Him for ever." The whole work has been designed and carried out by Mr. T. F. Curtis, of the firm of Messrs. Ward and Hughes, Frith Street, Soho.

BATTLE-FLAGS IN ST. PAUL'S.

With simple yet solemn ceremonial the tattered remnants of the old battle-flags once proudly borne by the Royal Fusiliers were given a sacred resting-place on Tuesday last within the north aisle of St. Paul's Cathedral in the same corner, rich in memories of heroic soldierhood, where are the monuments of General Gordon and his would-be rescuer, Major-General Sir Herbert Stewart, and the memorials of the gallant officers and men of the Royal Fusiliers who gave their lives for their country in the Afghan War. On the tablet-record of the names of this latter group of honoured Englishmen are inscribed the names of the two sub-Lieutenants Marsh and Wood, who carried the self-same flags now reared above their monument and lost their lives defending them near Kandahar. A large congregation assembled in the body of the Cathedral to witness the dedication of the colours to their last proud purpose, and in the choir were gathered a number of notable men whose names are writ large in the annals of the Royal Fusiliers, prominent among them being Colonel Guyon, Commander of the regiment, and Colonel Sir Patrick Talbot, who received his commission in the regiment sixty years ago.

The colours were met at the great west doors of the Cathedral by Colonel Guyon, and some way up the aisle by the Dean and clergy and the choir. The military escort fell in on either side of the choir, and the procession advanced to the altar steps. There Dean Gregory formally received the flags from the Fusilier Lieutenants who bore them, and laid them upon the altar. A special prayer, containing a reference to the offering up of the tables of the law by David, and the dedication of the sword of victory by David, was said by the Dean after the congregation had joined in the Lord's Prayer and the psalm "God is our hope." The colours were then handed back to their bearers by the Dean, and borne to their allotted place in the north aisle, where Dean Gregory gave a short address to the military. The stirring hymn, "The Son of God goes forth to war" followed, its strenuous refrain "Who follows in His train?" having a peculiar force in this service of commemoration of military prowess and duty bravely done; and at the close of the simple ceremonial the younger brothers-in-arms of the gallant dead of the Royal Fusiliers presented arms before leaving the historic colours in their proud abiding-place.

THE PLAYHOUSES.

"MORRICE BUCKLER" AND "CHARLOTTE CORDAY."

It is well before you storm the citadel to attack its outlying belt of forts. Theatrical managers are learning the lesson by producing new plays in the suburban theatres. Hence the Grand Theatre, Islington, gave us last week "Charlotte Corday," which has been a great success in Australia with Mrs. Brown-Potter and Mr. Kyrle Bellew in the leading parts; while in the previous week we were introduced to the adaptation which Mr. A. E. W. Mason (aided by his old manageress, Miss Batesman) has made of his striking story "The Courtship of Morrice Buckler." Both plays deal with a woman's revenge. Mr. Mason's play has certain touches of amateurism in it which entail for its complete appreciation a previous knowledge of the book. The play, in fact, hardly plays itself. The first act is dribbled away over a card scene, the only purpose of which is to explain Sir Julian Harned and Morrice himself, and ends with the meeting of the two friends for the last time in Bristol Prison. The second act shows Morrice killing Count Lukstein on his wedding night at Castle Lukstein in the Tyrol. The third introduces the search of the widowed Countess (splendidly played by Miss Esmé Beringer) for the murderer; and the last (back again in Castle Lukstein) displays the only real drama in the play—the struggle of the Countess between her desire for revenge on the one hand and her love of Morrice, whom she has carried back to the Tyrol, on the other. The play is so admirably written that one hopes reconstruction is not too late. Such, indeed, is the use of production in the outer ring of theatres. Mr. Yorke Stephens figures as Morrice, but rarely grips one. "Charlotte Corday," which is also in four acts, reverses the value of the players, for Mrs. Brown-Potter as Charlotte falls far short of Mr. Bellew in the repulsive rôle of Marat. Liberties have been taken with history, but the play, as a play, is excellent of its kind. The story traverses the traditional views of Charlotte and of Marat. Starting at her home in Caen, we see Marat's arrest of her father, the decayed autocrat. What a hideous figure the demagogue looks, with his ghastly white, unshaven cheeks, his hollow eyes, his rasping voice, his tattered coat, his dirty frills, the whole sense of desperadoism being capped by the gaudy bundage which covers his head! Indeed Mr. Bellew's make-up as Marat is a wonderful illusion. And his acting is no less striking, for he makes his audience hate Marat as much as Charlotte herself did. Mrs. Brown-Potter as Charlotte looks extremely beautiful. Her dresses throughout are conceived with a rare sense of colour. The arrangement of her hair is exceedingly picturesque, and she possesses what may be called acting hands. It would be difficult to conceive anything better than the costume in which she poses as Judith for the painter David. But when she begins to speak she fails. She is far too much of the tragedy queen, animated less by passion than by a calculating criminalism, which detracts from the potency of the part. Miss Ailsa Craig figures as Marat's mistress. The company as a whole is fairly efficient, and the mounting is good. "Charlotte Corday" will undoubtedly take in the country, but unless a more powerful Charlotte is forthcoming its chance in the West End is poor.

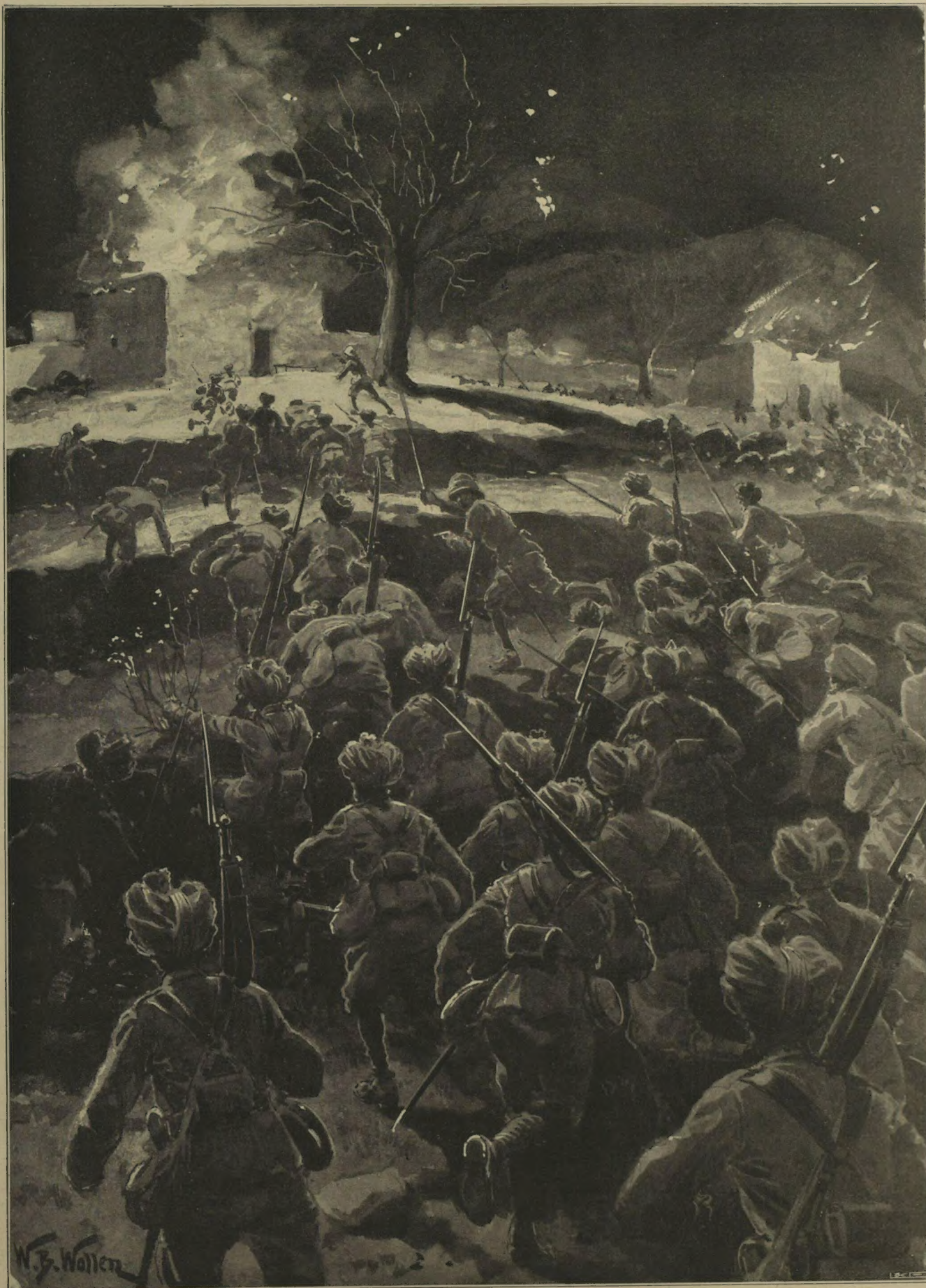


THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING.—WITH THE MOHMAND FIELD FORCE; CAMP OF THE IMPERIAL SERVICE TROOPS OF THE PATIALA INFANTRY.

From a Photograph by Sergeant F. Mayo, R.E.



THE OLD COLOURS OF THE ROYAL FUSILIERS PLACED IN ST. PAUL'S CATHEDRAL.



THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING.—FIGHTING IN THE TSERI-KANDAO PASS: THE 15TH AND 36TH SIKHS ATTACKING THE VILLAGE WHICH THEY TOOK AND HELD FOR THE NIGHT.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

In their descent from the Tseri-Kandao heights the 15th Sikhs were hampered by their wounded and had to signal for help. The 36th Sikhs were promptly sent out to reinforce them, but the combined force was fiercely attacked by the enemy. Night had fallen and the position was one of considerable danger. Colonel Haughton accordingly attacked a village held by the tribesmen, drove the enemy out after a sharp fight, and held the position until the morning, when he was able to rejoin the main force in camp.

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EUGÈNE DEBRAINE (for the past fifteen years in the employ of "Aux Classes Laborieuses" in Paris, and during the past eight years the head buyer of the concern), Boulevard de Strasbourg, Paris.

The Vendors have the right to nominate another English Director after allotment.

BANKERS IN LONDON—PARR'S BANK, Limited, Bartholomew Lane, London, E.C., and branches; CHARLES HOPKINSON and SON, 3, Regent Street, S.W.

BANKERS IN PARIS—GENERAL ASSOCIATION, Limited (Succursale de Paris), 45, Rue de l'Arcade, Paris.

SOLICITORS—ASHURST, MORRIS, CRISP, and CO., 17, Throgmorton Avenue, London, E.C.

BROKERS—G. H. and A. M. JAY, 17, Old Broad Street, London, E.C.

AUDITORS—TURQUAND, YOUNGS, and CO., 41, Coleman Street, London, E.C.

SECRETARY AND REGISTERED OFFICES—E. A. HORNE (*pro tem.*), 8, Princes Street, Bank, E.C.

ABRIDGED PROSPECTUS.

This Company is formed to acquire the well-known French business (magasin de nouveautés) of drapers, furnisiers, and general providers, known as Aux Classes Laborieuses (Edouard Cahen), carried on at 46 and 48, Boulevard de Strasbourg; 83, 85, and 87, Rue de Faubourg St. Martin, Paris; with branches at Saint-Germain, Pontoise, Chantilly, Compiègne, Mantes, and subsidiary branches known as Au Petit Saint-Thomas at Saint-Germain and Meulan. The business is on somewhat similar lines to the well-known London establishments of William Whiteley, Harrod's Stores, &c., and comprises, among others, the following departments—

LADIES' GOODS.

Boots and Shoes.
Mantles. Furs. Costume s.
Wrappers and Toilettes.
Flowers. Ribbons. Gloves.
Goods in the Press.
Velvets, Cotton, &c.

Hats and Bonnets.
Umbrellas and Parasols.
Corsets. Underclothing.
Table and Bed Linen.
Costumes for Girls. Baby Clothing.
Silks and Satins, &c., &c.

GENTLEMEN'S GOODS.

Men and Boys' Underclothing.
Hats and Caps.
Boots and Shoes. Umbrellas.
Ready-made Clothing.

Rubber Goods. Hosiery.
Shirts and Collars.
Neck-Ties and Handkerchiefs.
&c.

GENERAL GOODS.

Furniture.
Toys and Confectionery.
Drugs. Tapestry.
Jewellery.

Clocks and Watches.
Glass and China Ware.
Household and Goods of every description.

The business of Aux Classes Laborieuses (which is one of the most important of its kind in France) was established over thirty years ago (in 1866) by M. Edouard Cahen, and has since steadily increased in importance until it has attained its present magnificent proportions. It is not made up of amalgamations with other businesses. The business has never been out of the Cahen family, and the existing owner is M. René Cahen, the successor to his father. The present issue is made for the purpose of adjusting family interests.

Arrangements have been made by which the new Company will enjoy the advantage of a continuation of the services of the present management of the business. M. René Cahen, the head of the firm of "Edouard Cahen," is a member of the board of Directors. M. Robert Emmerique, the managing director, has been in the employ of the firm for five-and-twenty years; and has gradually worked his way up to be head manager, which position he has held for eight years. He will be assisted by M. Debraine, another director, who has also for the past fifteen years been in the confidential employ of the firm, and during the last eight years has been the head buyer of the house.

Each department is under the immediate direction of departmental managers, who have been in the employ of the firm for many years. The services of these gentlemen will be retained.

The business has, since it was first started, enjoyed a phenomenal run of prosperity, the net profits being steadily on the increase for many years past. The following statement shows the net profits of the business during the past six years—

Net Profits.				
Year	ending	Jan. 31,	Francs.	£ s. d.
" 1892	"	Jan. 31, 1893	603,520 06	23,919 4 8
" 1893	"	Jan. 31, 1894	652,682 70	26,100 0 0
" 1894	"	Jan. 31, 1895	853,278 85	38,120 0 0
" 1895	"	Jan. 31, 1896	1,092,227 90	43,342 7 6
" 1896	"	Jan. 31, 1897	1,573,337 65	62,434 0 8
" 1897	estimated by reason of the increased gross		1,924,736 15	76,378 0 5

1897 estimated by reason of the increased gross turnover to exceed the profits of 1896.

It will be seen, therefore, that the net profits for the year 1896 were sufficient to pay the 7 per cent. dividend on the £375,000 Preference Shares nearly three times over.

The following certificate (translated) as to the assets to be acquired has been supplied by M. F. Michel, Expert Comptable et Arbitre aux Tribunaux de la Seine.

"Paris, Nov. 22, 1897.

"To the Directors of Aux Classes Laborieuses, Limited.
Gentlemen,—I certify that the assets guaranteed to you in excess of all liabilities by M. René Cahen for the sum of £216,000 are composed as follows—

Stock	£58,728 80
Book Debts	4,800 85 56
Plant	120,000 00
Buildings	131,810 80

The above figure, Frs. 131,810 80, is below the actual value of the buildings. These, at a very reduced value, may be estimated at Frs. 703,000, leaving a further sum of Frs. 538,189 20 to be added.

Frs. 5,437,394 10 (guaranteed) = £216,000 0 0

Frs. 6,005,583 36 (at exchange) = £238,547 3 10

"The foregoing is exclusive of the value of the leaseholds and exclusive of goodwill.

"F. MICHEL, Expert Comptable et Arbitre pres les Tribunaux de la Seine."

The premises in Paris are held on valuable leases; the principal leases are at 85 and 87, Faubourg Saint Martin; the former has fifteen years to run and the latter has eleven years to run, with an option of purchase. The lease on the premises of 46 and 48, Boulevard de Strasbourg (forming a small portion of the above premises) has nine years to run.

The new Company will take over the business as a going concern as from Nov. 1 last (1897), and the profit earned from that date will become the property of the shareholders.

The following is a translation of the certificate as to the profits of the business for the six years ending Jan. 31, 1897, furnished by M. F. Michel—

"Paris, Novembre 17, 1897.

"To the Directors Aux Classes Laborieuses, Limited, London.
Gentlemen,—Having audited the books of the 'Classes Laborieuses' since the year 1891, and made out the yearly balance-sheets, I hereby certify that the net profits of this firm have been as follows for the last six years, after 1st, deducting all general expenses; 2nd, an ample provision for bad and doubtful debts; 3rd, marking down merchandise in stock.

For the Year.	Francs.	English Equivalent.
1891, ending Jan. 31, 1892	603,520 06	23,919 4 8
" 1892 " Jan. 31, 1893	652,682 70	26,100 0 0
" 1893 " Jan. 31, 1894	853,278 85	38,120 0 0
" 1894 " Jan. 31, 1895	1,092,227 90	43,342 7 6
" 1895 " Jan. 31, 1896	1,573,337 65	62,434 0 8
" 1896 " Jan. 31, 1897	1,924,736 15	76,373 0 5

(Signed) "F. MICHEL,

"Expert Comptable, Arbitre au Tribunal de Commerce et au Tribunal Civil de la Seine."
Messrs. Turquand, Youngs, and Co., Chartered Accountants, of 41, Coleman Street, London, who have also examined the books of the firm on behalf of the Directors, have supplied the following certificate—

"Turquand, Youngs, and Co., 41, Coleman Street, London, E.C.; Nov. 5, 1897.

"To the Directors of Aux Classes Laborieuses, Limited.
We have examined the statements of profits submitted to us by the proprietors of the business known as Aux Classes Laborieuses, 46 and 48, Boulevard de Strasbourg, Paris, for the three years ended Jan. 31, 1895, 1896, and 1897 respectively, and compared them with the books, and beg to report as follows—

"Having regard to the way in which the accounts have been kept, we are unable to definitely certify the figures, but as the result of our examination, we are of opinion that the profits, before deducting salaries paid to partners and interest on capital, but after providing for bad and doubtful debts, depreciation, and the reserve referred to below, were approximately—

Year ended Jan. 31, 1895	Francs.	£ s. d.
" 1895 " Jan. 31, 1896	980,907 35	39,162 19 10
" 1896 " Jan. 31, 1897	1,344,703 75	53,361 5 2
" 1897 " Jan. 31, 1898	1,741,428 01	69,104 5 8

"Before arriving at these amounts, the following sums, in addition to the amount of the bad and doubtful debts actually written off, were taken from the profits to create a reserve equal to 20 per cent. of the book debts, namely—

At Jan. 31, 1895	Francs.	£ s. d.
" 1895 " Jan. 31, 1896	105,320 55	4 170 7 8
" 1896 " Jan. 31, 1897	228,633 90	9,072 15 6
" 1897 " Jan. 31, 1898	183,298 14	7,323 11 9

Frs. 517,252 59 = £20,535 17 11

which, with the sums previously set aside, increased this reserve to 1,092,828 91 francs = £43,713 3s. 2d., being 20 per cent. on the book debts on Jan. 31, 1897. The parties now claim that these reserves were annually made for special reasons, and were practically unnecessary, and that the profits above-mentioned should now be increased by the three sums amounting to 517,252 59 francs = £20,535 17s. 11d., as shown above.

"We are unable to determine this point, but as the provision annually made for bad and doubtful debts seems to us to have been made with considerable care we are not disposed to think the claim altogether unreasonable.

"In converting the above figures the exchange has been taken at 25-20 francs to the £.

(Signed) "TURQUAND, YOUNGS, and CO."

In reference to the 20 per cent. reserve referred to in the above report, the directors feel justified in accepting the same as an integral part of the profits, and in adding the same

thereto on the strength of the direct certificate of M. Michel, and of the statement made by Messrs. Turquand, Youngs, and Co. in the above report. The profits would then work out as follows—

Year ending Jan. 31, 1895	Francs.	English Equivalent.
Year ending Jan. 31, 1895	639,162 19 10	25,179 7 8
Adding reserve set aside during the same period	4,179 7 8	
Total profits for the year ending Jan. 31, 1895	643,342 7 6	
Year ending Jan. 31, 1896	753,361 5 2	
Adding reserve set aside during the same period	9,072 15 6	
Total profits for the year ending Jan. 31, 1896	762,434 0 8	
Year ending Jan. 31, 1897	839,104 5 8	
Adding reserve set aside during the same period	7,323 11 9	
Total profits for the year ending Jan. 31, 1897	846,378 0 5	

The above figures, therefore, show for the year ending Jan. 31, 1897, a net surplus of profits amounting to £30,128 0s. 5d., over and above the sum of £26,250 necessary to pay the Preference dividend, but even if an extreme view is taken and the 20 per cent. reserve referred to is discarded entirely, there would still remain a net surplus of profits for the year ending Jan. 31, 1897, exceeding £42,900 over and above the amount necessary to pay the Preference dividend.

The Directors, beyond calling attention to the above reports, consider it unnecessary to further enlarge upon the importance of the business or upon the advantages of its shares as an investment. The figures vouched for by high authorities both in England and France speak sufficiently as to the value of the business. The Directors have no hesitation, however, in saying that they have every reason to expect a continued and constantly increasing prosperity for the concern, which already gives indications of surpassing, during the current year, the very large profits made during 1896.

M. René Cahen guarantees that the value of the assets (other than goodwill) of the business exceeds the liabilities by at least £216,000.

Application will be made for a Stock Exchange settlement and quotation of the Preference shares.

Applications may be made for shares on the forms accompanying the Prospectus, accompanied by a remittance for the amount of the deposit; and if paid by cheque, then payable to the order of the Company's bankers. If no allotment is made, the deposit will be returned without a deduction, but where the number of shares allotted is less than the number of shares applied for, the surplus will be credited in reduction of the amount payable on allotment. Failure to pay any instalment when due will render the amount already paid liable to forfeiture.

Copies of the Memorandum and Articles of Association of the Company, together with the said reports and contracts, can be inspected at the offices of the Company's solicitors.

Prospectuses and Forms of Application for shares may be obtained from the Company's bankers, solicitors, brokers, or secretary, from whom all information can be obtained. London, Dec. 7, 1897.

AUX CLASSES LABORIEUSES, Limited.
Incorporated under the Companies Acts, 1862 to 1893.
FORM OF APPLICATION FOR 7 PER CENT. CUMULATIVE PREFERENCE SHARES.

To the Directors of Aux Classes Laborieuses, Limited.
GENTLEMEN,—Having paid to the Company's bankers the sum of £..... as a deposit of 12s. 6d. per share on £..... 7 per Cent. Cumulative Preference Shares, I request you to allot me that amount of Preference Shares, and agree to accept the same or any smaller amount that may be allotted to me upon the terms of the Company's prospectus, dated December 18, 1897, and to pay £1 17s. 6d. per share on allotment, £1 5s. per share one month after allotment, and £1 5s. per share two months after allotment, as provided by the said Prospectus, and I authorise you to register me as the holder of the said shares.

Signature
Name (in full)
(Mr., Mrs., or Miss)
Address (in full)
Profession or business
Date 1897.
Cheques to be made payable to any of the Company's bankers.

PERSONAL.

We regret to record the death of the Very Rev. William Charles Lake, D.D., for twenty-five years the Dean of Durham.

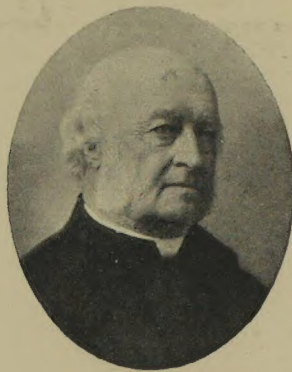


Photo Elliott and Fry.
THE LATE VERY REV. W. C. LAKE, D.D.

Dr. Lake, whose distinguished qualities were not those which make for most notoriety, was born in London, the son of Captain Charles Lake, in 1817. Trained at Rugby under Arnold, he proceeded to Balliol College, Oxford, on a scholarship, and there obtained a First Class in 1838, and was soon afterwards elected to a Fellowship. Coming under Tractarian influences—he was a great admirer of Cardinal Newman from that time onwards—he was ordained in 1842, and was appointed to a College Tutorship, a post he held till the year 1857. A year later he accepted the College living of Huntspill, in Somerset, where he remained until, in 1869, Mr. Gladstone appointed him Dean of Durham and Warden of the University. The Dean was a great authority on education. He served on various Commissions at one time and another, now to inquire into military education in France, Prussia, and Austria; then into popular education in England; and again on the Ecclesiastical Courts Commission in 1881, where his voice was raised in behalf of a spiritual and not a temporal tribunal as the final court of appeal on matters relating to doctrine. The Dean, who married in 1881 Miss Katharine Gladstone, a niece of the ex-Premier, retired from Durham in 1894, and had since lived at Torquay, where he died, and where he has been buried.

The Bishop of Hereford is of opinion that the strike and the lock-out should be made illegal. If masters and men cannot agree they shall refer their dispute to a judicial tribunal, whose verdict shall be final. The Bishop holds that this is necessary to public policy to prevent the interests of the country from being jeopardised by quarrels between federated employers and trade unions. Such is the New Zealand plan of settling industrial disputes, but it may be doubted whether we shall see the example followed in this country.

The Duke of Rutland, who might be exhibited to foreigners as an ideal specimen of "our old nobility," reached the age of seventy-nine last Monday. Much taller than Mr. Gladstone, and with more of the snows of age on his still abundant hair, he might vie with him for the title of "grand old man," despite his fewer years, and easily win in the competition. Since the two men stood together as fellow-Tories at a contested election more than half a century ago—it was at Newark in 1841—the whirligig of politics has brought many changes; and notwithstanding some fiery passages exchanged in later years across the floor of the House, there has always been a mutual kindness of personal feeling between the opposing politicians.

Peerage compilers have had a rather busier time than usual this year, owing to the new entries to be made in consequence of the distribution of Jubilee honours. No fewer than five hundred names are on the list of new Peers, Privy Counsellors, Baronets, Knights, and Companions of the various military and other orders.

Carlyle's youngest sister, Mrs. Janet Hanning, has just died in Montreal, at the age of eighty-five.

The Army has lost a gallant and extremely promising young officer in Lieutenant Richmond Battye, Adjutant of the 6th Bengal Cavalry, who was killed in the advance of the Kurram column a fortnight ago. Lieutenant Battye came of a fine fighting stock, identified with the fortunes of the Indian Army for several generations. His father was the Richmond Battye of the 5th Gurkhas who lost his life in a daring reconnaissance in company with Captain Urnston, and no less than nine brothers of his father served their country in the Indian Army.

Of these nine brothers-in-arms, the more distinguished were Lieutenant Quinten Battye, who fell at Delhi; Major Wigram Battye, who lost his life in the Afghan War while in command of the Guides; and Colonel Fred Battye, who fell at Chitral two years ago. The latest of this gallant family to give his life for his country received his commission but eight years ago in the Lincolnshire Regiment, and was appointed to the Indian Staff Corps in 1893.

An eye that is saved is an eye that is gained; and on that principle it may be said that even many an eye is "made in Germany" for use in England. The system of Professor Fagenstecher has attracted many of our

countrymen and countrywomen to Wiesbaden, Lady Brownlow being the latest to arrive as a patient of the famous Professor.

General Weyler, recalled from Cuba, is in a very bad humour. He denounces the Spanish project of autonomy for the Cubans, urges the continuance of the war, and is very angry with President McKinley. In his Message to Congress Mr. McKinley accused General Weyler of barbarities in Cuba, and that fiery officer is now calling on the Spanish people to avenge this insult to the Spanish Army. If the stories told of a certain Colonel Latorre be true, the atrocities associated with General Weyler's name in Cuba still continue. Women are shot for leaving their houses, and foreign Consuls warned not to hoist their flags on pain of death. General Weyler ought to be gratified by this flattering imitation.

M. Henri Rochefort is not one of the wisest of men, but his latest performance is perhaps the severest strain on the tolerance of his countrymen. He has published the statement that Captain Dreyfus applied to the German Emperor for admission to the German Army, and received an intimation through the German Embassy in Paris that the Emperor would be glad to employ him as a spy. Eight letters were stolen from the Embassy, seven of them in the handwriting of Dreyfus, and one from the Emperor himself. Count Münster threatened to leave Paris if the letters were not restored; but they were photographed before they were returned to him. On these photographs Dreyfus was convicted. The French Government has denied this story, and there is an equally emphatic denial from Berlin; but such idiotic nonsense condemns itself. Needless to say, M. Rochefort still believes in it.

Fussie, Sir Henry Irving's fox-terrier, is no more. Very old and almost blind, he met a tragic end at Manchester, where in groping about under the stage of the Theatre Royal he fell into a hole and broke his neck. Fussie was devoted to his master, who loses a faithful companion of many years, and the old dog will be missed by a great number of people who regarded him as part of the Lyceum tradition.

The death of William Blakeley is a sad bereavement to London playgoers. Not an actor in the higher sense of im-



Photo Falk, New York.
THE LATE MR. WILLIAM BLAKELEY
As Vanderpump in "Brighton."

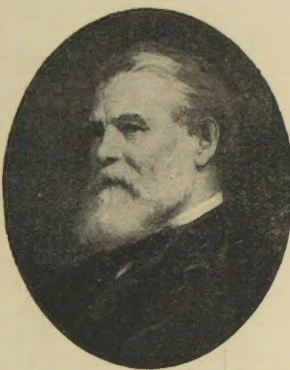
personation, Mr. Blakeley was one of the drollest comedians ever seen. He had a face which sometimes recalled Charles Lamb's rhapsody about Munden. It expressed to perfection shocked surprise, incredible innocence, grotesqueness, and it was accompanied by a voice which has been known to throw a crowded omnibus into convulsions of mirth when Mr. Blakeley asked the conductor how far he could go for twopence. In a word, he was a droll of a very rare order. Mr. Blakeley was associated for twenty years with Mr. Charles Wyndham, and he died peacefully at the age of sixty-seven with the last letter from his old manager affectionately tucked under his pillow.

It is the fixed belief of Continental journalists that England is always scheming for her own ends. They ought to study the new Cretan Blue-book in the light of this conviction. The Powers cannot decide what is to be done with Crete, though they promised autonomy many months ago. Lord Salisbury suggested at last that one Power should be chosen by a majority to take the question in hand and appoint a Governor of the island. Had this reasonable course been adopted, England would certainly not have been chosen for this office; and yet the Continental journalist is sure to see in Lord Salisbury's proposal a fresh proof of British perfidy.

An admirer of the Bishop of London has presented him with an ivory mitre. It is an appropriate gift, for Bishop Creighton has a keen appreciation of the decorative side of ecclesiasticism. It would add very much to the picturesqueness of the House of Lords if the Bishops would all wear mitres, though this would probably excite unfavourable remark from critics to whom ecclesiastical ornament always suggests dangerous opinions.

In last week's *Illustrated London News* there appeared a statement to the effect that the funds of the Authors' Club being short, the big club-house in Whitehall Gardens must be given up, and the members must retire to some small, cheap premises near Fleet Street. The chairman of the club wishes it to be stated that, so far from this being the case, the directors are making arrangements to continue in their present occupation of their premises in Whitehall Court (not Whitehall Gardens) when their existing lease shall expire at the end of 1898, and that they are even proposing, to meet the requirements of their members, to add to their house-room in Whitehall Court.

The death, at an advanced age, of Mr. John Loughborough Pearson removes a distinguished architect, who has done much to adorn London from the days when he built Holy Trinity Church, Westminster, and restored Westminster Hall, to those of recent date, when he beautified the Embankment by the Astor Office. Mr. Pearson was the son of a painter, and he served his architectural apprenticeship in Durham, in the office of Mr. Bonomi. His restorations—as at University Library and Sidney Sussex College, Cambridge—show his skill almost as conspicuously as do his original designs, many of which have hung in the most neglected room at the Royal Academy annual exhibitions. Mr. Pearson had been a Royal Academician for a period approaching twenty years.



From a Painting.
THE LATE MR. J. L. PEARSON, R.A.

There are signs of a renewal of war against gipsies in the county of Surrey. A meeting of representatives of all the rural and district councils and of the Petty Sessions assembled at Kingston-on-Thames the other day under the presidency of Mr. Halsey, Chairman of the Surrey County Council, "to consider certain proposals for the better regulation of dwellers in vans and tents." The Home Secretary had refused to interfere with these itinerant under any existing law, hence the cry for new legislation went up at the Kingston conference. Lord Middleton described the gipsy as a sanitary nuisance and an educational difficulty. Mr. Garland Soper described the gipsy as a plague to humanity; another gentleman proposed to levy poor-rates upon him; and a third prudently suggested that "you had to catch him before you could cook him." Mr. R. L. Stevenson was constantly mistaken for a pedlar on his "travels with a donkey." Had he lived long enough he might yet have slept in a tent in England and been brought to judgment as a nomad.

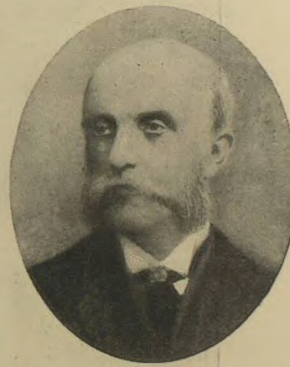
Mr. Thomas Bush Hardy, a painter of some note, and the father of a more famous son (Mr. Dudley Hardy), died somewhat suddenly on Sunday at his house in Portsdown Road, Maida Vale. A native of Sheffield, he travelled a good deal in early life in Holland and Italy. As a marine painter he exhibited regularly at the Royal Academy; and at the time of his regretted death he was engaged on a large canvas depicting the Armada, to form a companion to his friend Mr. Wyllie's representation of Trafalgar for the Junior United Service Club.

Mr. F. F. S. Gooday, Continental traffic manager of the Great Eastern Railway, is to succeed Sir Allen Sarle as general manager of the London, Brighton, and South Coast Railway Company after the next half-yearly general meeting on Jan. 26.

For visiting Holland and Germany during the Christmas holidays the Great Eastern Railway Company's Hook of Holland route offers exceptional facilities. Passengers leaving London in the evening, and the Northern and Midland Counties in the afternoon, arrive at the chief Dutch cities the following morning, Cologne about mid-day, and Bâle and Berlin in the evening. The company's steamers will run between Harwich, the Hook of Holland, and Rotterdam every evening, including Christmas Day, and on the Harwich-Antwerp service every week-day, exclusive of Christmas Day.

The death of Colonel Lowry, of Rockdale, Cookstown, has aroused much local regret. The member of a family which for a long time shared with the Hamiltons the representation of Tyrone, he was educated at Trinity College, Dublin; entered the Army, and at once proceeded with the artillery to the Crimea. After that he served in India during the Mutiny. Retiring from the Army about twenty-five years ago, with the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel, he settled down on his property near Cookstown, and, besides commanding a militia regiment, he took part in local affairs, particularly interesting himself in the condition of almshouses and workhouses. The Colonel's death was due to an accident; he fell from a ladder in his dining-room, and never recovered consciousness.

Prince Bismarck has declared that there ought to be a national memorial of Heine in Germany. This is a bitter pill for those Germans who detest Heine merely because he was a Jew and an exile. The old Chancellor wisely maintains that political considerations have nothing to do with the case, and that a monument would commemorate Heine as a poet and not as a trenchant critic of German politics in his time.



THE LATE COLONEL LOWRY.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

NOW READY.

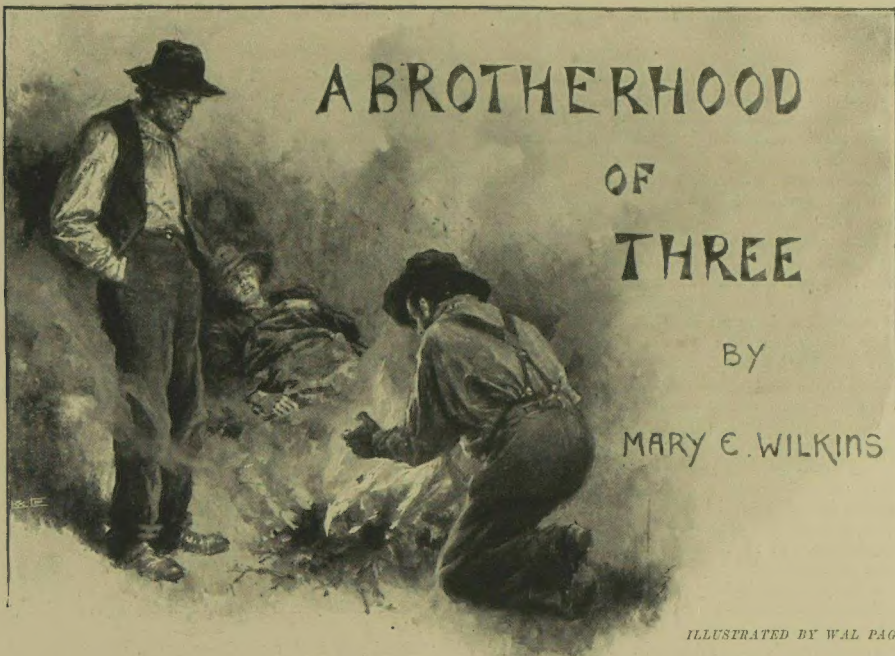
A RECORD NUMBER of a RECORD REIGN, beautifully bound in royal blue crocodile cloth, gilt edges. A suitable present for the Jubilee year. Price 7s. 6d.

INGHAM BROTHERS, 193, STRAND.



SEVENTEENTH CENTURY SKATERS.

From the Picture by J. Auréli.



ILLUSTRATED BY WAL PAGET.

THE sun was setting in a strip of sky as bright and clearly flowing as a golden river. Above it lay violet clouds piled in still strata, like rocks. The wind blew cold from the north. South of the village was a high, round hill; the lower part of it bristled with the yellow-grey stubble of corn, in the midst of which forgotten pumpkins gleamed with unexpected gold; the upper part was covered with a mat of coarse grass beaten flat southward toward the summit by the north wind. It was the day before Christmas, and yet there was no snow, and had been none that season, with the exception of occasional flurries.

On the crest of the hill was one great boulder of a kind of rock found nowhere else in the vicinity, a lonely outcast from prehistoric times and conditions. This rock, seen from the village, bore a strong resemblance to a turreted castle, and had given that name to the hill. It had been Castle Hill ever since the oldest villager could remember.

From the northern slope of the hill there was a good view of the little seaside village, with its sickle-shaped stretch of beach, and white crawl of surf beyond. Smoke columns rose from the village chimneys and veered slightly toward the south. The bell in the steeple of the white meeting-house on the right of the main street caught the gleam of the low sun, and hung a bell of gold, the weather-vane on a barn pointed south like a finger of light, the windows in the Town Hall, which was broadside to the west, looked full of fire.

From the southern slope of the hill all this was lost; the rigid highway stretched to the city, through frozen swamps and stark woods, and not a dwelling was in sight except a white farmhouse or two on vantage points of distant hills.

On this southern slope three wayfarers had set up a camp, building a fire of brush collected from the nearest wood, under the lee of the great castle-shaped rock, availing themselves of the cold shelter of this primitive fastness of nature. They had been driven to this extremity by the lack of a lock-up in the village, and all other refuge had been denied them, even on Christmas Eve. The farmers' barns had been fastened or guarded by growling dogs, and the house-doors had been clapped in their faces with a puff of the very wind of inhospitality.

"The cow that gives the milk of human kindness ain't got her stable in this village," declared the eldest of the three. He threw some more brush on the fire as he spoke; he had built the fire, and was most active in replenishing it, as he had been about bringing the fuel from the wood in the first place. He was over sixty, but one of those whom age preserves instead of disintegrates. His old face was as full of lines as a withered apple, but his eyes were instinct with keen fire, and his mouth had quirks of quizzical shrewdness at the corners. He moved, too, with a sort of sinewy grace which had in it a suggestion of reserve. Old Harlow had been in his day a star, a cheap and inglorious one perhaps, but still a star, shining with its own lustre in the midst of the indistinguishable glimmer of the common throng. His name had figured prominently in the bills of many a circus and variety show, and his shrewd face had adorned many a barn and fence in that very locality.

There came a sharp blast of wind from the north, cutting around the corner of the rock as the old man threw a stick on the fire. The sparks flew up, and Harlow, with an oath which ended in a laugh, flung himself down head-first, and begun bowling in airy somersaults down the hill. Over and over he went, fairly bounding from the turf like a ball, until he reached the corn stubble. Then he was up with long leaps like a chamois, and was back at the camp with a magnificent revolution of his long body which landed him on his feet.

"What in thunder are you doin'?" inquired one of his companions. He spoke with a surly thickness; his dialect was rustic, and yet there was something in his tone which betrayed education, an involuntary lapsing of cadences into finer habits.

"Openin' the damper in the stove of Nature," replied Harlow, with a grunt. "If fo'ks wa'n't so damn lazy they wouldn't need any other fires. Every man has his own stove and his own kindlin'-wood in his own body. All he's got to do is to git up and git, and set it goin'. I

was chilled through to my marrer-bones, and now I'm as warm as though I was piped for steam."

The other man gave a sigh indicative of both weariness and impatience, and said no more. He was a stout man, younger than Harlow, sitting over the fire in such a position as to present the largest possible portion of his body to the heat. He fairly hollowed himself upon it, and seemed to embrace it with all his members. His red face, which had a purplish cast about the mouth, brooded over it with a wistful gloating.

The third man lay flat on the turf, his back to the rock, between it and the fire, the warmest place in the camp. His ragged coat, and Harlow's also, covered him to his chin; the firelight was red on his face, which was as delicate as a girl's. He looked scarcely eighteen. His fair hair grew low on his forehead, and his blue eyes had an innocent, wondering expression under slightly raised dark eyebrows. He seemed to breathe with difficulty as he lay there. Suddenly he said, sobbingly, with piteous complaint: "I can't stan' this much longer. I tell you I can't." Then he raised himself on his elbow, leaned over, and coughed hard. Harlow looked at him, scowling painfully; the other man glowered at the fire, without moving a muscle.

"It's—so," gasped the young man, when he got his breath; "it's so. Nothin' but the bare ground to sleep on such weather as this, and nct a mouthful fit for a dog, an' me, with my lungs achin' as if the air I draw in was—fire." His weak voice failed him. He flung himself over on his face and wept aloud for impotent self-pity like a child.

"We do all we can for you, Dick," said old Harlow, with pathetic apology.

"You won't have to do for me much—longer," returned Dick, amidst his weak sobs. Then he coughed again, struggling desperately for breath.

The stout man was fumbling in his pockets for a small flask. He drew the cork, and held the flask to Dick's mouth. His own mouth was shut hard, his eyes averted. "Here, take a swallow of this whisky; it'll do you good," he said, in a strained voice.

"Yes, take it, Dick," said old Harlow. "Here's Doctor been a-savin' of it up



Old Harlow looked at her vaguely, then spread out his empty hands with a curious—unconsciously dramatic gesture.

for you when he wants it fearful bad himself. We are doin' all we kin for ye, boy."

Dick, his throat and chest working convulsively, took a long pull at the flask. The stout man turned his face more resolutely away.

"Easy, Dick, easy," admonished old Harlow. "You'd better take that bottle now or he won't have none left if he's took worse in the night, Doctor."

Doctor, still with his face averted, took the bottle from Dick, who did not resist, put in the cork tightly, and replaced it in his pocket.

Dick lay back, and an expression of relaxation and a shadow of comfort came over his face as the fire of the liquor crept through his veins. Presently he began to talk, and his voice sounded stronger, though its appealing, querulous tone was still evident. "Here's this town," said he, "where my mother was born, and her father and mother before her; where everybody knew my grandfather, and looked up to him because he had property and lived in the biggest house in town when he wasn't off on a cruise. Owned one of the biggest ships that ever sailed from these parts, my grandfather did, and when mother was a girl she had it all her own way, I can tell you. Then mother got married, and her husband died; then she married my father, and went away to live. Then grandfather's ship was lost, with him on board, and grandmother died, and the property here was sold, and father failed, and then he died, and then mother died, and there wa'n't nobody and nothin' except me. Here's this town, where my folks used to live and be looked up to, and here I be sick and nobody to take me in. There's that old maid grandfather's house was sold to. If I went there I don't s'pose it would make any odds; she'd turn me out of my grandfather's house. Wonder if she keeps the silver teaspoons and her purse in the entry for burglars now —"

"Hey?" said old Harlow, with a quick glance of his bright eye.

"Mother told me about it," said Dick. "Somebody out West, where we lived, who'd been a-visitin' here, told her. That old maid—Trumbull her name was—used to leave her front door unlocked, and put her silver teaspoons and purse at the foot of the stairs, all ready for burglars to take and not wake her up."

"All rot! don't believe a word of it!" remarked Harlow, with a half-chuckle.

"Too much horse sense for a woman," said the stout man. "Why, I doctored one for a tumor brought on by sleepin' on her silver cream-jug to keep it from burglars. That's something like; but catch a woman reasonin' out that when a thief sets out to take the teaspoons he's goin' to, if he has to take her life into the bargain, and that she might just as well let 'em be taken with as little trouble and risk to herself as possible!"

"It's so," declared Dick. "Mother —" Then his voice failed him, and he coughed again, though not as violently as before, and lay back spent and panting softly, the tears of suffering and self-pity streaming from his blue eyes.

The stout man got up, pulled off his old coat, leaving himself in a ragged shirt, and laid it over the young man, tucking it in well at the sides. Old Harlow tossed some more wood on the fire, then looked slyly at the stout man, raising a cautious beckoning finger. The two slipped around the corner of the rock, and walked a little way down the other slope, then stopped.

"Look here," said old Harlow to the other, "you used to doctor. What about him?" He jerked an elbow violently toward the rock behind which the young man lay.

"Weak lungs, inherited most likely, bad cold," replied the other shortly.

"Dangerous?"

"Dangerous enough if somethin' ain't done for it before long—pneumonia, most likely."

"S'pose—a warm bed an' plenty to eat —"

The other man nodded.

"Might as well talk about heaven," said old Harlow. Then, reflectively, "There's the hospital, I s'pose, if we could git him to the city."

"Get him to the city?" repeated the other, with sarcastic emphasis. "How'd we get him to the city? In our special Pullman train? He'd die on the road, an' if he didn't—if he wasn't fit for the dissectin'-table when he got to the hospital door—how'd we get him into a bed. Who's goin' to measure the yards of red tape necessary for that? God only knows what rot it would be about city poor and town poor, and residents and non-residents, and incurability, and all the rest of it."

"I s'pose," said old Harlow reflectively, "if you an' me hadn't been along, that woman in the farmhouse this mornin' that gave us hot coffee an' asked him how long he'd had his cold, might have took him in. He looks so kind of pretty an' innocent."

The other man nodded, with glowing eyes fixed on the village below. As they stood there the twilight had suddenly deepened into night, and the village windows had gleamed out, one after another, like stars.

"There ain't no harm in him exceptin' what he's rubbed off other people," continued old Harlow. He hesitated. "S'pose, maybe, he'd be better off if we wa'n't with him," he said in a troubled voice.

Then the other man turned fiercely upon him. "What's the sense of our leavin' him till we've got him under cover

somewhere?" he demanded. "Time enough for us to quit then."

"How are we goin' to git him under cover anywheres?" asked old Harlow, looking at him with a strange expression, half of fear, half of entreaty. He did not reply, but stood gazing frowningly at the village below, with its long main street bordered by houses whose windows were parallelograms of white-curtained light. Midway of the street stood the church, brilliantly lighted, and dark throngs of people were passing in the doors.

Old Harlow's gaze followed his companion's. "What's goin' on in the village?" he inquired in a gloomily indifferent way.

"Christmas," returned the other shortly. "Christmas-tree."

"Lord!" ejaculated old Harlow in a tone of gentle contempt.

The two continued to gaze at the dark cubic masses of the village houses with their twinkling lights, flanked by the white gleaming beach and the great vagueness of sea, at the church with its brilliant windows, and the shadowy throngs in the street moving toward and passing in the door.

Suddenly old Harlow faced his companion. "S'pose there's any truth in that yarn of his?" he whispered hoarsely.

"Quit it, for God's sake!"

"There'd be no need of you —"

"There's need of me if there's need of you. What d'ye take me for?"

"Somebody'd have to keep out of it on account of the boy. If only one of us —"

"I tell you —"

"No use quarrellin' about that now. S'pose it's so?"

"Quit it, I tell you!"

"If it was —" said old Harlow slowly.

There was a pause. The two men, unmindful of the cold wind, continued to stand gazing down at the lighted village and the dark shapes hurrying on their errand of Christmas cheer.

On the street below, Candace Trumbull was going to the Christmas-tree. She had a straight, handsome figure, though she was not young. She stepped out emphatically, holding her bonneted head high, with a decisive swish of silken skirts, and a firm swing of arms under her rich cloak. Had it not been for her bounty, the tree could not have borne its Christmas fruit in the vestry of the little church. The parish was very poor; Miss Trumbull was the only person of independent means who belonged to it. She had bought the major part of the presents; she had supplied the coloured balls, the candy garlands, the paper angels, and the wax lights for the decoration of the tree.

Candace passed through the Christmas throngs as an acknowledged benefactress, greeted with gratitude and respect and a certain amount of deferential affection, but not with familiarity, though her exceeding frankness and directness of speech might have seemed to invite it.

With a certain class of village folk frankness intimidates more than reserve; it drives them at once into their shells of suspicion and self-consciousness.

Candace Trumbull, although she gave so many presents, had none hung in the tree for her. No one had dared attempt anything of that sort since the Christmas-tree five years before, when the Sunday-school had taken a contribution and given her a picture.

She had not arisen when her name was called during the distribution of the presents. When the Sunday-school superintendent himself came down the aisle, bringing the picture, she waved him aside and stood up, looking around with a frown on her handsome face. She then announced, with no preface and no apology, that she wanted no present, that she had done nothing for a reward, but because they were in need, and that she considered them lacking in common-sense to spend the money which they could not afford to spend on presents for their own families on a present for her, and thus do away with half the benefit of her bounty. Lastly, she declared that she would not take the picture—that they could hang it on the vestry wall or throw it into the sea, whichever they chose; it was all one to her. She would not take the picture.

Then Candace Trumbull had sat down amidst a general gasp and shiver of consternation, and the next Sunday the picture had hung on the vestry wall. There were those who considered that she had robbed her own benevolence of its grace and her beneficiaries of their independence by refusing to accept their little token of gratitude; but nobody told her so. She continued her Christmas benefits, and her name was never called again when the gifts were distributed.

This Christmas Eve she went home after the tree, quite satisfied and happy in her own fashion. She was not a woman to let any regrets or wistful imaginations cloud her happiness. All her joys of life were complete. She went home alone, and entered her solitary house without a sigh for the fuller Christmas experience of other women. She fixed her fires for the night, said her prayers, went to bed in the south great chamber, and fell asleep with a sense of absolute security and reliance upon her Maker and herself. Candace Trumbull believed in God and religion, but she would not have been in the least afraid, alone in the dark, had she lost her faith.

She was not afraid when she waked up a little after midnight, and heard someone open the window in the front hall. She sat up and listened for a minute, thinking that a dream might have deceived her. Then she got out of bed, lighted a candle, and put on her wrapper and her slippers.

Old Harlow, moving stealthily across a broad shaft of moonlight in the hall outside, saw the sudden streak of candle-light under the threshold of a door, and stood still, trembling. Then the door was flung open, and he saw a tall elderly woman, in a palm-leaf patterned wrapper, holding a candle whose light shone full upon a face absolutely fearless, and rather imperious than angry.

"Who are you?" she demanded, in a clear loud voice, which seemed to ring through the house like a trumpet. She looked straight at old Harlow, who cowered before her.

"My name's Harlow," he said, in a stammering way, like a schoolboy.

"What?"

"Harlow."

"What are you doing in my front entry, Mr. Harlow?" "Nothing," gasped Harlow desperately. Then the humorous quirks about his mouth deepened a little.

But Candace Trumbull followed him sharply around his corner of subterfuge.

"What did you come into my front entry for?" she demanded.

"I came to steal," answered old Harlow feebly.

"What did you come to steal?"

"Money."

"What made you think I had money here for you to steal?"

"Heard you kept some in—a purse, and—the silver teaspoons, and—the teapot in a bundle—on the stairs—all ready for burglars; heard—you left your front door unlocked," answered old Harlow, stammering; but again the humorous quirks deepened.

"Didn't you know better than to believe such a story as that?" asked Candace Trumbull, with scorn.

Old Harlow reeled suddenly as he stood. All at once he felt utterly bewildered. He had eaten little for days past, he was old, and his small reserve of nerve strength was giving way under this great pressure. "No, Mum," he muttered incoherently.

"What did you want the money for?"

Old Harlow looked at her vaguely, then spread out his empty hands with a curious unconsciously dramatic gesture. Miss Trumbull noticed that he was very pale.

"How did you get in that window?"

"Clim' up the post of the porch."

"Up the post?"

"Yes. I used ter play in a circus."

There was a mist over old Harlow's eyes. He seemed to see nothing in the present, past, or future, in all life, but that little circle of candle-light, making a nimbus around that commanding female face. He drew a short hard breath, and reached for the stair balustrade to steady himself.

"What's the matter?" demanded Candace Trumbull.

"Have you been drinking?"

Old Harlow shook his head.

"Are you sick?"

Old Harlow shook his head again. But his questioner, after one long, keen glance at him, stepped forward and took him by the arm. "Now you step along down-stairs with me," she ordered.

Old Harlow, as in a dream, knew himself stumbling down-stairs, with the woman's strong hand under his arm. His shuffling feet touched the stairs without feeling them, as if he descended on steps of air.

"Don't you fall," admonished his helper sharply, and old Harlow felt that he would not dare to fall.

At half-past one o'clock on Christmas morning, old Harlow sat down to the table in the stately dining-room of the fine old Trumbull mansion and ate his first square meal for months. Candace Trumbull sat watching him, with none of the softness, but all the active strength of pity in her face. Just before he finished eating she rose and went out of the room. Harlow heard the door close after her, and looked longingly, not at the silver spoons and the silver coffee-service, but at the bread and meat and cakes which he could not eat. He took some bread and carried it toward his pocket, then put it back on the plate.

When his hostess returned, he spoke of his own accord for the first time. "Can I have what's left to take with me?" he asked, pointing toward the bread and meat.

"Yes, you can," said she readily. She went into the kitchen and returned with brown wrapping-paper and a large bottle. She made a parcel of the bread and meat and cakes, and filled the bottle with the remainder of the coffee.

"Thank ye," Harlow said, when she handed them to him. He was edging towards the door with his provisions in his trembling hands, when Candace Trumbull stopped him.

"Wait a minute," she said, and held out toward him a roll of something which he saw was money—bank-notes rolled around some silver coin. "Here," said Candace Trumbull, "is the money you came to steal. It is all I have in the house—thirty-nine dollars and twenty-nine cents. Take it."

Old Harlow's face flamed crimson. He made an angry thrusting motion with his whole body toward the money.

"Why don't you take it, after you've been to all this trouble to get it, climbing in my second-storey window at one o'clock in the morning?" demanded Candace Trumbull.

"Thank ye," old Harlow gasped out, still thrusting away the money. He would have given anything to have turned and run out of sight of her face.

"Take it," ordered Candace Trumbull. Suddenly her voice softened a little, though her words were brusque. "Take it, and don't be a fool," said she. "It's Christmas, and if you need this money it belongs to you. If you need it, and I don't, it's yours by right. Take it, and I advise you not to spend it in drink, but buy yourself some decent clothes and a ticket to the city, and see if you can't get another chance in a circus, and earn some money to keep you when you're past work. You must be able to work a while longer at your old trade or you couldn't have climbed in that window; the porch roof juts out nearly three feet over the post. Now, take this and go, and be sure and shut the door when you go out."

Old Harlow went. He marched as obediently and unhesitatingly as a dog that had been sent on an errand until he reached the base of the hill. Then he stopped, seated himself on a stone, took the money from his pocket, unfolded and counted it.

Suddenly ambition, which had slumbered long, awoke in the breast of the old man on that Christmas morning. "S'pose I turn over a new leaf," said old Harlow. "S'pose I——" He took a crumpled sheet of newspaper from his pocket, smoothed it out, and tried to read it by the moonlight. He could not; however, he remembered well enough. He had picked it up on the road the day before, and had read of an accident to an old acquaintance of his in a variety theatre. "Might get the chance if I struck while the iron was hot," ruminated old Harlow. "Nobody but him and me is livin' as can do two or three of them specialties. S'pose I take this here an' buy me some decent clothes an' a ticket to New York, an' go to a hotel an' get a room, an' then go for the manager. Ten chances to one I'd get the job. I'm 'bout as limber as ever I was; trampin' has kept my joints oiled, an' I ain't had enough to eat to git too fat. S'pose——" Old Harlow stared gloomily at the money. "If it's divided into three parts there won't be enough nohow," said he.

Old Harlow rose, money in hand, and went up the hill. When near the top, he whistled softly, and the stout man came around the corner of the great rock. Harlow beckoned him down the hill a little way.

"Well?" said the stout man interrogatively, when they stopped. His face showed pale in the moonlight, and his great frame trembled as if with a chill.

"Front door wa'n't unlocked; no money an' no spoons ready. No truth in that fool yarn," said old Harlow shortly, but his eyes twinkled, and his mouth twitched.

"Told you so," returned the other, with a sigh of relief.

"I clim' in the front window," said old Harlow.

"What—what did you do that for?"

"An' she heard me, and came out in a loose gown with red figgers on it, a-holdin' a candle."

The stout man groaned. "What in——" he began, but Harlow interrupted him.

"There ain't no harm done," said he. "If there was more women like that one, there wouldn't be no need of prisons, for there wouldn't be no criminals. If I'd hit the kind of woman instead of the kind I did, mebbe there wouldn't have been me. She's got religion an' horse-sense b'iled down together. She could steer this whole damn country into the millennium in less than five year if it was left to her, an' make the workin'-classes an' the millionaires lay down in peace together. Be hanged if I wouldn't lay where she pointed her finger; there was a diamond ring a-shinin' on it, but she wa'n't afraid. Afraid! There ain't no fear in her. I never see her like. See!" Old Harlow unfolded the roll of money before his companion's bewildered eyes. "Thirty-nine dollars an' twenty-nine cents," said he in a shaking voice.

"What?"

"Thirty-nine dollars an' twenty-nine cents!" proclaimed old Harlow, with a sort of crow of triumph. "It's a present from her—a Christmas present! Think of us with a Christmas present—a Christmas present!" Tears flowed down old Harlow's leathery cheeks; his voice broke.

"You—don't mean?"

"Yes, I do mean she gave it to me; an' that wa'n't all; a good square meal—bread an' meat an' cake an' hot coffee set out on the dinin'-table, an' I've got some here. Have some, Doctor, have some." Old Harlow brandished the bottle of coffee in the other man's face.

"What's that in the bottle?"

"Hot coffee; feel the bottle. Have some, Doctor?"

"He must have some at once," the other returned hoarsely.

"Yes, an'—Doctor—" Old Harlow hesitated. "About dividin' of the money?" said he.

"Oh, it's all yours."

"Why is it all mine?"

"You run all the risk; it was given to you."

"You'd a-run the risk if I hadn't made you stay with him an' keep the fire goin'."

"Yes, I would; but I didn't like the job. I wasn't brought up to rob women."

"I wa'n't," replied old Harlow simply.

"You keep that money; it's yours."

"No, it ain't. There ain't no use talkin', Doctor, it's goin' to be divided."

The two stood looking at each other.

"What d'ye plan to do with your share?" inquired old Harlow.

"I won't take it, I tell you."

"If you do——"

"Buy myself something decent, an'—well, maybe I'd go back."

Old Harlow nodded soberly. "How is he?" he asked, with a jerk of his head toward the rock.

"Asleep. The fire's good, and he's covered up with his coat and mine."

"How is he, d'ye think?"

"Pneumonia, if he doesn't get under shelter before long."

"I s'pose that money would get him boarded some-

Harlow; and even in his heroism of sacrifice there was, and no shame to him, a piteous wistfulness in his tone.

"No, there won't," declared the other; and he went, as he spoke, up the hill with the bottle of hot coffee in his hand.

In a square old farmhouse two miles out of the village, on the road to Boston, the family did not have their Christmas dinner until after candle-light, because the daughter, who was a school-teacher in a village twenty miles away, could not get home earlier. She had driven over with her lover. It was five o'clock before the family sat down to dinner—David Baxter, his wife, their daughter Laura, her lover, and Dick, in a clean shirt and collar and new suit. His fair hair was brushed smooth, his face was clean and beaming with gentle happiness. There was no great power of original sin in the lad; he depended largely for his evil and his good upon his companions. Dick's future path of life, through even and pleasant places, was very possible, with this impetus.

Outside the night was clear and cold. All the Christmas stars shone, but the moon had not arisen. In the yard stood two men, pressing as close as they could and not be seen, to the window.

"See him!" said old Harlow, in an excited whisper. "See him, Doctor!"

"It's roast turkey," murmured the other.

"See 'em a-fillin' of his plate; see 'em! Now they're puttin' in the turkey—great pieces of white meat, an' there goes the dark, an' the gravy. Now the potatoes, an' the squash, an' the onion. There she goes—there she goes! Now see him eat; see him eat, Doctor!"

Doctor looked, and unconsciously, every time the boy, sitting in that warm room at the well-spread table with that good and kindly company, swallowed a mouthful of his Christmas dinner—he swallowed, too. Old Harlow also, between his excited whispers, gulped, and even smacked his lips, as if he tasted to its utmost savour each delicious morsel that the boy put in his mouth.

The two outcasts, standing outside all homes of earth on Christmas night, received perhaps a crumb of the very sacrament of Christmas as they watched the poor brother whom they loved better than themselves eat his Christmas dinner.

THE END.



He seated himself on a stone, took the money from his pocket, unfolded and counted it.

wheres—mebbe in that farmhouse two mile back, where the woman give us hot coffee an' doughnuts—for three dollar a week till spring," said old Harlow reflectively.

"I suppose so," said the other, after a little pause.

"An' there'd be enough beside to get him a decent suit an' a flannel shirt or two an' some shoes," continued old Harlow.

The other nodded.

"We could fix him up, get his hair cut and face washed, an' send him there to ask for board, pay in advance. He looks so kind of pretty and wishful, I guess that most any woman would take him. Besides, them farmer folks are always hankerin' after board money."

The other gave a frown of grave assent.

"But if we divided it up, there wouldn't be enough—No, there wouldn't. An' I've been a-thinkin', that woman says to me, 'You must be able to work at your old trade, or you couldn't have clim' up my porch with the roof a-juttin' out most three foot beyond the post. Why don't you git another job in a circus?' I've been thinkin', after we git him fixed, you an' me'll tramp to Boston, an' see if we can't git some job there, an' I'll git enough to buy me something decent to wear, an' see if I can't git a chance in some show, later on, and then half of what I git is yours, Doctor."

The stout man straightened himself, and threw back his broad shoulders in his old flannel shirt. "I don't live on you while there's a bone in my body," said he. "I'll do my share. We'll give every cent of that money to the boy. I won't take enough to buy one drink, and—I've given him the rest of the whisky."

"There won't be enough if we divide," repeated old

The friends of Don Carlos are promising us another Carlist rising in Spain this winter. There is much difference of opinion as to the prospects of such a movement. Some authorities say that two-thirds of Spain are Carlist, others that the followers of Don Carlos are confined to the Basque provinces. To all appearance the army is still Alfonsist, and in spite of many troubles this may keep the boy-king Alfonso XIII. on a very prickly throne.

Lieutenant Peary, who is meditating another Arctic expedition, has given the Royal Geographical Society some interesting information about the Esquimaux. When he and his wife were in the Arctic regions before, they took an Esquimaux girl into their service, and she accompanied them home to Washington, where she was identified by Chinamen as of Chinese origin. At some very remote period her ancestors, Lieutenant Peary thinks, must have crossed the North Pole. He does not see why he should not do the same, and find Herr Andrée on the way.

The philosopher's stone again! An American chemist claims to have discovered the way to transmute silver to gold. This has not yet been denounced by the American bimetalists, but if there is anything in it, the partisans of "free silver" will have reason to complain. At present all parties are calm. The philosopher's stone is very familiar to romance, but not so well known in Wall Street or Threadneedle Street. Specimens of the transmuted silver are said to have been sent to an assayer in London; so the romance seems to be taking a businesslike turn.

A Board School teacher lately received from the irate mother of one of her pupils a note as follows: "Please don't tell Edith about her inside; she doesn't like it, and besides, it's rude!" The story was told the other day as a sort of text by Mrs. McDonald, who addressed the members of the Women's Vegetarian Union at the Pioneer Club on "The Esthetic Side of Vegetarianism." True to her text, Mrs. McDonald did not make any comment on the insides of meat-eaters, but she was eloquent on behalf of abstinence from flesh as a food, as well as from feathers for dress, or skins for decoration. To the abstainer from these things she promised "happiness, health, a love of all around, a sympathy, the desire to lend a helping hand to others, and a perfect unity of soul." That is a large statement in the face of human history; and a more peculiar one still is Mrs. McDonald's assertion that "when our brotherhood with the animals was felt, the true ideal of humanity would be reached."



THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING.—THE SARAN SAR RECONNAISSANCE: THE MEN OF THE NORTHAMPTONSHIRE REGIMENT ATTACKED BY THE ENEMY IN A NULLAH.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

The withdrawal of the five companies of the Northamptonshire Regiment from their successful occupation of the Saran Sar heights on Nov. 9 was unfortunately attended by heavy loss. The enemy rallied and swarmed up the deep gorges of the ridge, and the retiring troops, burdened with their wounded, were exposed to a fierce fire from either side of a deep nullah. The 36th Sikhs had been despatched in response to the Northampton's heliographed signals for aid, but even with this reinforcement the withdrawing force incurred further loss in the difficult task of bringing down the wounded, the tribesmen's knowledge of the ground, broken by intersecting ravines, giving them the advantage. The Northampton's brought their wounded comrades into camp before dark.



THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING: THE NORTHAMPTONS COMING IN SIGHT OF THE BODIES OF THEIR COMRADES WHO WERE KILLED IN THE SARAN SAR RECONNAISSANCE.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. MELTON PRIOR.

In the course of the action on the Saran ridge Lieutenant Macintyre and twelve men were cut off from the rest of the force, but their loss was not realised until the camp was reached. At daybreak the whole regiment, with a force of Gurkhas and two guns, went in search of the missing men, one of the party having arrived with the report that they had been cut off in a nullah and had sent him to summon aid. The dead bodies of this handful of heroes, several of whom must deliberately have chosen death rather than escape by the abandoning of wounded comrades, were found with gunshot wounds which testified to their gallant end. The dead soldiers were brought into camp and buried with military honours, followed to their graves by the whole of the regiment.

NATURE IN DECEMBER.

At last we come to the final month. As a rule, winter reigns over a fettered earth, and vegetation has been chilled into a sullen torpor almost as profound as death. The trees are bare, and the cold blasts fly through them, finding nothing to injure. The dark, stripped hedgerows are still relieved by the bright coral hips on the graceful sprays of the wild rose, by the deep claret bunches hung out on the hawthorn, and by the dull crimson leaves clinging to the trailing bramble-stems. The flowers, of course, have in the main departed, but a few still gladden the gloom. The Christmas rose stands out amid its dark-green leaves, the gorse here and there brightens up the country landscape, and, if the weather be mild enough, stray daisies, dandelions, and chickweeds will peep out from sheltered nooks. The spores are on the hardy ferns, and the mosses and lichens are in fructification. Examine them under a powerful glass. This is also the time of the flourishing evergreens. They brave the storms with their bright, glossy leaves, and furnish us with models of

Water-beetles take very little heed of the cold; they may be seen swimming about as actively as usual.

Agricultural operations have, of course, to be regulated much by the weather. A severe December stops all ploughing and sowing, and even if it be mild, as little wheat as possible is put in, because it is only in a very genial winter that December sowings do any good. The farmers prefer to have open weather, because the fat stock they are preparing for the Christmas sales can then obtain a picking off the pastures during the daytime, and save them some of the heavy expense they have to incur in store-foods. If the earth is not frostbound, the ploughmen can also turn over the land where turnips have been eaten off by sheep, and thus expose the germs of deleterious life in its under surface to the action of coming severity. December and January are the two best months for pruning the trees. Unless this is done properly the branches will grow into quite a tangle. Then the sun and air cannot have free play among them, and the result is that some decay, while others become covered with a moss which furnishes a home for injurious insects. A farmer's wife keeps an eye

that come with cutting edge from their ice-bound regions. It is well then if the earth is wrapped in snow, and humanity in furs. Those who can afford it hang heavy curtains over their doors to keep away every draught, and pile up the fuel on their fires that they may revel in the blaze. The poor have much shivering and bitterness. It is fortunate for them that the Festival which more than all others impels men to kindness and benevolence should come just at this inclement season of the year. It brightens up the depth of the valley of the gloom, for now we have the shortest days. A raid is made upon the evergreens by enterprising gardeners, that deft fingers may embellish our homes with holly and ivy, laurel and mistletoe, box and yew, till they are transformed into bowers full of new-found charm, in which memories of absent ones rise like good angels. Then there is the joy and the feasting, the music and the dancing, the despatch of warm greetings, and the hand stretched out to the brother in the cold.

After this, the brief heavy days generally end with mysterious cold grey twilights, sometimes gold-banded, or with



THE GIRAFFE PRESENTED TO THE QUEEN BY KING KHAMA ON ITS NATIVE SOIL BEFORE THE VOYAGE TO ENGLAND, WHICH ENDED IN ITS DEATH.

From a Photograph.

smiling contentment amid the blasts of adversity. They bring to mind, too, that wish of Southey's—

That in my age as cheerful I might be
As the green winter of the holly-tree.

The birds that do not leave the country have migrated to the districts which serve them best with food. The mistlethrushes have gone to the orchard-counties such as Hereford and Monmouth, where there is an abundance of mistletoe. The lapwings have regulated themselves according to their supplies—some staying and some going away. The woodpigeons, starlings, larks, and other birds are feeding in flocks. The wagtails have gone southward if the weather is severe. The rooks have vacated their rookeries until February. Various small birds are frequenting the stackyards while the frosts continue, and some of the sparrows and the robins have closed round the habitations of man. The redbreast becomes endeared to us by his sweet and unassuming song, the touch of colour he brings into the snowy aspect, and the confidence with which he comes, even into our homes, for consideration.

The entomologist's net hangs idly on its hook, and his collecting-boxes are stowed away. He does not bother much after hibernating butterflies, moths, and caterpillars. If he desires employment, he overhauls his treasures at home, or rummages about the roots of trees, under moss, in tufts of grass, under loose bark, among heaps of rubbish and decayed wood, or in various corners and previous stack-sites, for beetles or for pupæ to fill his breeding-cages.

over her fattening geese and turkeys as they are nearing martyrdom for the delectation of a nobler species.

It is in December and January that the most famous of the culinary fungi—the truffle—is hunted for. It has been considered a luxury at least from the days of Pliny. The Hampshire and Wiltshire Downs are the chief neighbourhoods in England where it is to be found. Dogs are trained to indicate its presence in the soil, and it is then dug up. Pigs have also been used to discover it.

Hard frosts sometimes interfere with the fox-hunting and with the football fields, but if they make the ice on the rivers and ponds thick enough, there is a recompense. Out come the skates, and the frozen surfaces everywhere are soon covered with skaters aglow with the warmth of a quickened and brighter circulation. Many set themselves to accomplish miles of steady progress round the lakes or along the waterways; others practise figure-skating, hockey, or curling; while some, not so expert, descend more rapidly than gracefully, and often break the ice or a limb. Away, on the great frozen areas of the Fens, take place the contests for the championships. A few enthusiastic fishermen still try to catch something, even if they have to break a way to the water and half starve themselves to death. Black game and grouse-shooting end on the 10th, but there are the partridges, the pheasants, and the wild-fowl still left for the ardent sportsmen.

The snowflakes descend, sometimes dropping gently downwards, bewilderingly intermingling themselves, at other times swept along in troops by the cold north winds

the black trees on the horizon etched against amber. Occasionally, however, we are treated, in the western sky, to a vision of far-spreading lakes, with Elysian shores and islands, in perfect contrast to the monotone beneath. Thus the year slips from our grasp—let us hope not ungratefully!

Come, months, come away,
Put on white, black, and grey;
Let your light sisters play
Ye follow the bier
Of the dead, cold year.

And make her grave green with tear on tear.

KING KHAMA'S GIRAFFE.

While the sad fate of the fine giraffe presented to the Queen by King Khama is fresh in the minds of all who are concerned with zoological matters, the accompanying picture of the poor animal, with its foot upon its native veldt, will have a certain interest for the public. The giraffe, originally presented to the Queen by King Khama as a Jubilee offering, would have formed a valuable addition to the livestock of the Zoological Gardens, for it was a particularly fine representative of a species now rapidly becoming extremely rare, and one long likely to be practically extinct; but to an inborn loathing of captivity the animal apparently added a bad seamanship, which made the journey to this country a veritable voyage of death, so that the poor giraffe only touched English soil in order to find its grave therein.

MUSIC.

On the Tuesday of last week Mr. Alfred Schulz-Curtius made an experiment at the Queen's Hall which was justified in large part by the success with which it was attended. Herr Richard Strauss, whose reputation on the Continent has been steadily growing for years, came over to this country to conduct certain of his own works, and also a mild Wagner programme. His symphonic sketch, "Tod und Verklärung" was on this occasion produced for the first time, and has been received, in all conscience, with mixed enough feelings of admiration and the other thing by the critical Press of the country. It is certainly astonishing music. Its cleverness, its resonance, and its ingenuity are unmistakable. The question that remains is the important thing—has it genius? We are of the emphatic opinion that it has. A complaint has been made in a very unexpected quarter that it is not "lovable." There are parts of the beginning of "Tod und Verklärung" which certainly fall within this criticism. It may be asked, on the other hand, if loveliness is altogether a necessary quality even in the greatest music? Is the first movement of the Ninth Symphony lovable? Is the *Mimi* music of "Siegfried" or the Klingsor music of "Parsifal" lovable?

modern form of sensitiveness and pain. His programme on this occasion was carefully chosen.

On Thursday of last week, at the Albert Hall, the Royal Choral Society, true to its policy of repetition—how, by the way, did Berlioz's "Faust" ever creep into that curious programme?—gave its annual performance of that famous work, under the guidance of Sir Frederick Bridge, and in some respects that performance was better, in others worse, than on former similar occasions of more or less recent years. The chorus was certainly not in its best form for the spirit of this particular work; indeed, there was a dreary lack of humour about everything it took in hand. The thing, which in its diabolical moments has a sparkle and a brilliance which are almost grim in their ferocious humour, went too often like a solemn oratorio of the type of which Berlioz himself was the chief opponent in his own day. Indeed, to emphasise that opposition, he composed for "Faust" itself a parody of eighteenth century fugue writing which is one of the most laughable things in music. Well, that very parody at the Albert Hall was listened to (and quite naturally) with almost religious respect and solemnity, as though it were actually a grave specimen of the work the weakness of

THE ADVANCE IN THE SOUDAN.

Although we do not hear as yet of any immediate intention of Government to send additional forces from India to Suakim for the purpose of aiding the eventual further approach to Khartoum by Sir Herbert Kitchener's Anglo-Egyptian Army, the future probability of some reinforcement of the Suakim garrison from that direction is not to be disregarded, especially since a portion of its troops is now sent to occupy Kassala. The route from Suakim, on the Red Sea coast, to Berber, on the Nile, for which, at the time of Lord Wolseley's Nile Expedition, when there was so much fighting with Osman Digna in the neighbourhood of Suakim, very costly preparations for constructing a railway were hastily begun, has recently been explored, in the opposite direction, from Berber, starting on Oct. 30, by five English newspaper special war-correspondents, one being the Artist who furnishes us with the sketches presented to our readers this week. An interesting narrative of their journey, which was performed by riding on camels, with the needful baggage, servants, and guards, in eleven days, the distance being over six hundred miles across desert and arid hill-ranges, has been published in the *Standard* of Dec. 4, Dec. 7, and



THE SOUDAN ADVANCE.—THE JOURNEY OF FIVE WAR-CORRESPONDENTS FROM BERBER TO SUAKIM: ACROSS THE DESERT.

FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, MR. FREDERIC VILLIERS.

"From Berber to Obak we could trace our path by the bleached bones of camels fallen by the way."

To find such a fault as this in the first part of Strauss's new musical sketch is to complain because oranges are not shaped like triangles, or that the earth is not oblong.

Herr Strauss then has assuredly contrived to compose a work of exceeding brilliance and, towards the end, of grave and even majestic beauty. The music is new in a curiously original sense, for though one critic has unblushingly accused this young composer of Wagnerian proclivities, it is a fact that he owes very little indeed to the invention of Wagner. If he belongs to anybody, if he has an ancestor at all, that man is Hector Berlioz who has hitherto stood by himself in a strange and eccentric loneliness. The "Till Eulenspiegel" symphonic sketch has been heard here before, but never so formally, and, therefore, so well performed, as under the baton of Herr Strauss himself. In a word, he conducted his own work admirably.

Herr Emil Sauer gave his first private recital of the present season on the Wednesday of last week, and succeeded in proving himself to be as brilliantly gifted a player as we have for so long known him to be. There is certain music in which he is nothing less than exquisite—in finely coloured, highly emotional work. He has a tremendous power of nervous expressiveness. He played Chopin's great sonata with an extraordinarily intense concentration, and he is equally fine in Schumann and in certain modern compositions that depend upon a peculiarly

which it was intended to emphasise. On the other hand, the orchestra has rarely played so well in this composition. The wonderful ballet-music went almost perfectly, and the accompaniments were also admirable. It may be a matter of some interest to Sir Frederick Bridge that the present writer followed the performance from a score which he had plentifully marked with criticisms on the orchestral playing at the same hall some years ago, when "Faust" was given under the late Sir Joseph Barnby. In nearly every instance he found that those criticisms had no application to the orchestral interpretation of the other day. For the rest, Miss Ella Russell sang exceedingly well, Mr. Ben Davies was an excellent Faust, and Mr. Andrew Black took the part of Mephistopheles with every distinction.

On Saturday last Messrs. Boosey and Co. brought their Ballad Concerts to a close at the Queen's Hall for the present season before Christmas, when a programme of music was performed which can only be described as luxurious. Mr. Plunket Greene was perhaps the hero of the afternoon by his exceedingly effective interpretation of Schubert's "Erl-King," which was clamorously encored. Miss Clara Butt once more proved her amazing popularity; M. Tivadar-Nachez played satisfactorily a Handel violin Sonata (in A major), Miss Susan Strong and others warbled very prettily; and the Westminster Singers demonstrated again what an admirable vocal combination they are.

Dec. 11, to which we may refer for the descriptive details and various anecdotes of travel. With reference to one place there mentioned, Obak, three days' journey from Berber, where this party of travellers found a scarcity of water, the latest telegrams now inform us that a good spring of pure water has since been discovered.

Our Illustrations of Soudanese scenes from the sketches of our Special Artist, Mr. Frederic Villiers, this week include a series of sketches made during a journey undertaken by Mr. Villiers and other artists and war correspondents from Berber to Suakim. One of these sketches shows an incident illustrative of the native appreciation of snuff. While journeying through the country of the Hadendowa, the most powerful tribe of the Beja stock in Southern Nubia, dwelling on the Taka plateau between Kassala and Fiklik, and, further north, between the Atbara and the Barkat, the party were suddenly accosted by a trio of natives, who carried on a long and excited altercation with Mr. Villiers' servant, but were eventually pacified by the gift of some snuff, apparently the sole object of their vehemence. The pass of Tamai, in which this incident occurred, was frequently disputed during the Soudan War. Mr. Villiers describes the mountains in the Hadendowa country as bearing a curious resemblance to the billows of the Atlantic in storm, owing to the sharp irregularities of their crests.

SIR RICHARD UDNY.

SIR WILLIAM LOCKHART.



THE INDIAN FRONTIER RISING: SIR RICHARD UDNY ANNOUNCING THE GOVERNMENT'S TERMS TO THE ORAKZAI CHIEFS ASSEMBLED IN SIR WILLIAM LOCKHART'S CAMP AT MAIDAN.

Facsimile of a Sketch by our Special Artist, Mr. Melton Prior.

ANECDOTAL EUROPE.

BY THE AUTHOR OF "AN ENGLISHMAN IN PARIS."

To the English journalist who, like myself at the moment of writing, has been in Paris for nearly a week, it is most difficult to withdraw his thoughts from the slowly but steadily unfolding epilogue to the Dreyfus drama. Let not the reader imagine that the word "drama" is used in this instance in the figurative sense. I defy the oldest and most inveterate playgoer in Europe, or, for the matter of that, anywhere, to quote a piece, ancient or modern, which for complexity of plot, quickly following and startling incidents, and, above all, uncertainty in the minds of the spectators as to dénouement, can match, let alone surpass, this terrible catastrophe in real life.

The words I have italicised constitute to me and to many Frenchmen, though by no means to the majority, the supreme point of interest in the forthcoming proceedings. For though nearly all of that very small minority are deeply convinced of ex-Captain Dreyfus's innocence, they are far from certain that this innocence will be allowed to transpire, even if a second trial should prove the existence of another culprit. These Frenchmen, patriotic to the core, in spite of the assertions of those who differ from them, are also logical beings, or if Mr. Herbert Spencer will forgive me, men who for the time being have discarded all bias—a mental condition which the great philosopher has pretty well declared to be impossible. They would strip the case of all political and especially of all racial considerations, and have it judged anew openly upon its merits only. They admit that a secret trial is perfectly legal according to French law, but they contested the necessity for it from the beginning, and they have reason and precedent on their side, seeing that at least three officers accused of similar offences were tried publicly.

But these men are also earnest and profitable students of French history, not only in its main features but in its side issues, and they know the sad rôle political and racial passion has played in the minor as well as in the major events of the life of their nation. The atrocities of Alva in the Netherlands were assuredly formidable and terrible enough; but we must remember that it was a Spaniard and his hirelings murdering Dutchmen and Flemings. The St. Bartholomew massacres were committed by Frenchmen upon Frenchmen, or as the late Baron James de Rothschild put it tersely at the *première* of "The Huguenots," "the French Catholics are murdering the French Protestants, and a German Jew is making music to it."

But that one blot on the pages of French history was apparently not enough; the St. Bartholomew had its later imitations in the massacres of September 1792, in the wholesale butchering of June 1848, in the bloodthirsty Commune, in which the Communards were perhaps not the most greedy of blood. Thus far the events with which every one is familiar; let us look for a moment at matters which only assiduous students recollect. The piling up of the agony in this way is absolutely necessary in order to silence those who strenuously maintain that in criminal trials neither political, racial, nor religious considerations influenced the indictments, summings-up, or verdicts.

In 1670 a Lorraine Jew, Raphael Levy, was burned alive for having stolen a Christian child. The whole of the prosecution was based on the fact of his being a Jew who wanted the blood of a Christian child for sacrifice on the New Year. Raphael Levy was proclaimed innocent after his death. Calas suffered death because he was a Protestant. It is not I who say this; it was Voltaire. During Louis Philippe's reign Madame Lafarge was convicted and sentenced for the poisoning of her husband on the absolutely insufficient evidence of Orfila; and Raspail, who wanted to refute his evidence, was not allowed to do so. The reason why? Because Orfila was a staunch supporter of the Government; Raspail was acknowledged to be one of its bitterest opponents, who had even refused the Legion of Honour offered him by the Citizen-Remarch.

I need not have gone so far back as that. Last week (Thursday, Dec. 9) there was enacted at the Court of Cassation a scene which in itself would be sufficient to silence those who deny the importation of political passion into criminal trials. Forty-five years ago Pierre Vaux, the schoolmaster of Longepierre, near Châlons-sur-Saône, was sentenced to penal servitude for life for several cases of arson. Practically there was no evidence against him except that of two scoundrels, one the mayor of his commune, who hated the schoolmaster for his political opinions; the other as great a scoundrel, and both of whom had committed the crimes imputed to Pierre Vaux. For twenty years or more he suffered agony at Cayenne. His memory was publicly cleared of all guilt. We often wonder at the fertility of invention of the French dramatists. They have only to go to the records of criminal history for such pieces as "Proof," "A Man's Shadow," and "The Courier of Lyons." Nevertheless they are taxed with exaggeration, as was d'Ennery when he wrote "La Dame de St. Tropez," which was, after all, the story of Madame Lafarge.

Instead of securing a prospect of new legislation, the Association for the Suppression of Street Noises has been thrown back upon the law as it already stands, for Sir Matthew White Ridley has replied to a letter from the society to the effect that no fresh legislation on the subject is likely to be made next Session.

The fashion of almanacks is delightfully old-fashioned, and yet never out of date. A hundred and eighty-one years ago the Stationers' Company issued for the first time Dr. Francis Moore's Almanack, called "Vox Stellarum," and Messrs. Charles Lettis have again issued it for the same corporation. Similarly, the "British Almanack," from the same source, appears for the seventy-first time. Both are full of interest and information, and the latter is an improvement on the 1897 edition. They contain everything that official publications of a similar kind tell us, but they also go further afield, into strange byways of the life we lead, always living up to the times.

Now Ready.

SCIENCE JOTTINGS.

BY DR. ANDREW WILSON.

The causes and conditions of sleep have ever afforded subject-matter for interesting speculation on the part of the physiologist. The lessening of the circulation within the brain, and the slowing-down, as it were, of the brain's busy blood-stream, have been invoked as causes of somnolence, but nowadays, I fancy, we have come to regard such ideas as representing rather the method than the cause of sleep. We are now referred to those wondrous "neurons" or brain-cells which, as the units of the nervous system discharge the work of bodily governance—certain recent speculations to the contrary notwithstanding. When the brain is busy in its daily work, these cells are in active contact, and the thousands of impulses which are shooting to and fro and athwart the brain's substance, are carried and controlled, redirected and transmitted by the cells as the active agents in this wondrous telephone-exchange. But when sleep draws nigh, this is the sign that the brain-cells demand repose. Then either the cells withdraw their processes and extensions which, like sensitive feelers, connect them with other cells, or else the intervening matter between the cells stretches forth its substance and breaks the contact. Separated thus from the tides of active life, the brain-cells sleep, and in repose recuperate their energies for the work of the new day. All other things, such as the lessening of the blood-tension, are merely conditions which assist or arise from this temporary retirement of the brain-cells. Our dreams and visions represent the faint and few messages which may pass through the telephone-exchange in the night—an occasional call for a doctor, or the information that So-and-so has missed his train—messages which are sometimes real enough in their way, but often blurred and obscured, as things are apt to appear when viewed from another than the waking standpoint.

Very lately I noticed that certain accounts had been published regarding the little sleep which seems to have satisfied certain individuals. Humboldt, who lived to be eighty-nine, is said to have declared that when he was young, two hours' sleep was enough for him, and that the regulation seven or eight hours of repose represented an unnecessary prolongation of the time of somnolence. It is said also that Sir G. A. Elliot (Lord Leatham), who commanded at the Siege of Gibraltar, never indulged in more than four hours' sleep while the siege lasted, and that little affair occupied at least four years. Sir George died at the age of eighty-four. Dr. Legge, Professor of Chinese at Oxford, who died the other day aged eighty-two, was declared to be satisfied with five hours of sleep only, and that he rose regularly at 3 a.m. What do such cases prove? Assuming the correctness of the details, they only prove that certain men (and very few men I should say) are able to recuperate their brain-cells more quickly than the bulk of their fellows. They are the exceptions which, by their very opposition to the common run, prove the rule that a good sound sleep of seven or eight hours' duration represents the amount of repose necessary for the average man and woman.

It would be a highly dangerous experiment for the ordinary individual to attempt to curtail his hours of repose; and it must not be forgotten that in this matter of sleep we have to take into account the question of the daily labour and the nature of the work in which the individual engages. In the case of Dr. Legge, we have a picture of the student, whose labour is solely of an intellectual kind, involving little drain on the muscular system. In the case of Sir G. A. Elliot, we have an active commander who, in addition to the mental anxieties involved in the conduct of a prolonged siege, had, no doubt, a fair amount of physical exertion to undergo. But while the case of the Professor may be explicable on the ground that his five hours' sleep compensated him for any wear and tear his quiet life presented, we may fall back in the instance of the General on the theory of a special organisation, set, as it were, so as to satisfy itself with a limited amount of sleep. The personal equation, in short, *plus* the kind or character of a man's work, determines the duration of his repose; and that the average period required by the ordinary individual in health is from seven to eight hours is an opinion confirmed by the collective experience of the civilised race.

I noted in this column some years ago a fact regarding sleep which attracted a good deal of notice—namely, that when wearied out, if a person could drop off into a sound sleep, lasting for a few minutes only, he would awake refreshed and able to carry on his labour for a given period. After a series of short naps of this kind, I have seen a distinguished surgeon, who had been up for the two previous nights, remain as fresh as a lark for the rest of a long evening. He and I were dining alone, and he took his naps while his butler was removing one course and serving the other. For the rest of the night he was as lively as a cricket, as I have said, and twitted me for exhibiting surprise at his recovery. I have since tried his prescription with success—though not at dinner. Wearied and tired, I have had a ten minutes' nap in a train half-an-hour before I was due on the lecture-platform, and have found myself enlivened and refreshed. Only the nap must be a sound one. To be benefited, you must pass far and away into the Land of Nod.

I am glad to note that at Poole Road, Bournemouth, a sanatorium for consumptives, under the care of a fully qualified physician, has been duly organised on the model of the Davos, Falkenstein, and other foreign establishments. The idea represented here, is that of giving to consumptives a complete, comfortable, open-air home life, free from all details of hospital existence, and such as, by its mental effects, no less than by rigid attention to food, clothing, and exercise, tends to promote a cure. Miss Harrison, I understand, is the matron of this establishment, whereof I hear excellent reports. Those who prefer English home-life should think of the Bournemouth Sanatorium, while the pure air and beautiful surroundings are all in favour of the success of the institution to which I refer.

CHRISTMAS NUMBER

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THE REVOLT OF SOUDANESE TROOPS IN EAST AFRICA: SKETCHES IN UGANDA.

From Photographs supplied by the Rev. Arthur D. Fisher, C.M.S. Missionary in Uganda and Toro.

LITERATURE.

MR. THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON'S POEMS.*

Probably no verse spoken in our day from such an ephemeral platform as literary journalism has roused such frequent expectations of its preservation in book form as the work of Watts-Dunton. Even when this possibility was well within sight, the scheme was balked by the death of Mr. William Morris, who was to have printed the volume at the Kelmscott Press. As it is, Mr. John Lane has issued the book with the exquisite taste he knows how to display; and at last the verse that has been scattered over many years stands out before us in a beautifully printed volume. The dominant note of the book is that of a highly cultured mind. Mr. Watts-Dunton is steeped in the traditions of his craft almost to the point of ultra-conscientiousness. His intellectual outlook is, to a great extent, that of the man of letters rather than of the original observer of nature, untrammelled by traditions and indifferent to the great exemplars. The opening poem, which christens, and forms nearly a fourth of, the book, is conceived in a somewhat freer vein: but even here we see

No scent of ananach, noly, or asphodel . . .
Could soothe me if I lost this being smell,
This living breath of Ocean, sharp and salt,

the dreamer drifts by a cleverly conceived presentation of certain striking physical facts. Far the best part of the poem is the passionate description of the poet and the storm-petrel caged with—

A coil of white weeds
Beneath those feet that danced on diamond spires,
Ruler of sportive Ocean's restless steeds,

No sooner has the bird, with prophetic flash, flown off from the opened cage than the poet sees the gipsy girl, Rhona Boswell, parting from her Romany admirer. From that moment he is her slave. Her letters to him, written in gipsy slang, are full of colour; the description of her jealousy and of her murder of the gipsy suitor is vivid. From the marriage of the poet and Rhona to her mysterious vanishing the verses bear us on with breathless haste, leaving the lover in the depths of despair, to be reborn in the renewed appreciation of Nature—of the sunrise and the snow-clad mountains, the "thrill of earth and heaven—most wild, most sweet." The technical execution of this fine poem is unusually brilliant, the most difficult rhymes (take "terebinth," "hyacinth," "labyrinth," and "plinth," as examples) being successfully attempted. There are strong condensed lines in it, such as—

This road that turns for home turns never wrong.

"Christmas at the Mermoid" (in the absence of Shakespeare, who has gone to Stratford for good) is an ingenious study of Elizabethanisms, more particularly in its literary aspect. The poem arranges itself unconsciously to a musical lilt which every reader will hum for himself. Raleigh's ballad is a good example—

Wherever billows foam
The Briton fights at home;
His hearth is built of water—water blue and green;
There's never a wave of ocean
The wind can set in motion
That shall not own our England—own our England Queen.

The other poems for the most part are short. Two of the best deal with Omar Khayyám and "Fitz," who—

Made richer still thine opulent program;
Sowed seed from seed of thine immortal sowing.

The fancy wakened in the poet's mind by the historic planting at FitzGerald's grave of two rose-trees that had grown on the tomb of Omar is full of charm; the last verse is the best of all—

Here, us, ye winds, North, East, and West and South,
This granite covers him whose golden mouth
Made wiser e'en the Word of Wisdom's King:
Blow softly over Omar's Western hermit,
Till roses rich of Omar's dust shall spring
From richer dust of Suffolk's rare FitzGerald.

Many readers will be glad to meet these old friends in new form. A younger generation which missed their original issue will welcome a writer who possesses such stores of poetic feeling, knowledge, and such a keen sense of high standards of workmanship.

**The Coming of Love, and Other Poems.* By Theodore Watts-Dunton. (John Lane.)

NOTES ON NEW BOOKS.

The Golden Crocodile. By F. Mortimer Trimmer. (Downey and Co.)
The Fascination of the King. By Guy Boothby. (Ward, Lock and Co.)
By Stroke of Sword. By Andrew Balfour. (Methuen and Co.)
Kirkham's Find. By Mary Gaunt (Mrs. H. Lindsay Miller). (Methuen and Co.)
That Tree of Eden. A Study in the Real Decadence. By Nicholas Christin. (Hutchinson and Co.)
The Builders. By J. S. Fletcher. (Methuen and Co.)
A Passionate Pilgrim. By Percy White. (Methuen and Co.)
At the Cross-Roads. By F. F. Montrésor. (Hutchinson and Co.)
Lawrence Clavering. By A. E. W. Mason. (A. D. Innes and Co.)

"The Golden Crocodile" ought to be popular, if only for its opportuneness, since its subject is the subject of the hour—gambling in gold-mines. It does not lack the dramatic incidents we look for in an American mining story, but it lacks sadly dramatic power. The story ambles along sleepily where it ought to carry you with a rush, and you rather hear it told as an old man's reminiscence than see it acted before your eyes. A young Englishman, Harry Singleton, in search rather of health than of gold, settles down as a miner among the summits of the great mountains of the West. He is here entrapped into joining a lynching gang, and both he and the girl he loves

or man, who once gets fairly into the swing of the tale, is likely to lay the book down till he has reached breathlessly its last page.

There is a good deal of misunderstanding in "Kirkham's Find"—a very interesting Australian story, with the unusual merit of an alternation of the prettiest love-scenes with the most exciting mining scenes. The description of the country is singularly picturesque and uninviting, while the general character of the miners may be inferred from the legend inscribed over Mr. Jenkins' refreshment bar—

To Trust is to Bust,
To Bust is Hell;
No Trust, no Bust,
No Bust, no Hell.
Our only Trust is in God;
Everybody else Must PAY in CASH.

"That Tree of Eden" is a book with a purpose. We can hardly call it a novel, though it assumes that shape, since its personages, like the lay figures of the ventriloquist, serve the sole purpose of varying the author's voice. The pith of the book, however, is in its preface, or "apologia" rather, and there also is succinctly expressed its moral: "Our final position is, then, that education is a temporary and very mischievous method of dealing with the *impasse* we have arrived at by the general decay and obsolete form of religion. All our efforts must be directed to recover religion—the real essence and spirit, not the absurd hypotheses or theories which antiquity has foisted on us as irrefragable truth. As taught to-day, religion is nine-tenths error, and of the remainder nine-tenths again is superfluity; the remaining hundredth is the true spirit of life, the rest is mere clay."

In Mr. J. S. Fletcher's story of "The Builders," the hero rises "on stepping-stones of his dead self to higher things." He is a theological student who, having in a moment of almost irresistible temptation seduced a girl, gives up all thought of the ministry, and makes his victim the reparation of marriage. She goes gradually and entirely to the bad after marriage, beginning by taking to drink and ending by taking to the streets; while he, having reason to suppose her dead, finds consolation in the love of another and nobler woman. On the eve of his second marriage he discovers his first wife in and on the London streets, and the discovery costs him his reason and nearly costs him his life. Both women attend him in his illness, and during his convalescence his penitent wife thinks suicide the only Christian course open to her. "God is Love, my dear," said her spiritual adviser to her with his last breath, "and the more we show love to others, the nearer we get to Him. You know what the good book says, 'Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friend.'" And upon this hint she drowned herself! It is a very prettily and pathetically told story.

Mr. Percy White's new story is not quite up to his usual standard. It is written as crisply as its predecessors, but it is much thinner in substance, and leaves a good deal not only unexplained, but not indicated; and over and above that, it is conceived somewhat cynically. A rector's son falls in love with the daughter of a Dissenting parson. She jilts him and marries a boorish aristocrat. The rector's son has a brilliant career at Oxford; gets the fortune originally intended for his disinherited rival; and ultimately marries the lady when she becomes a widow. Mr. White can do much better than this. As it stands his story is not sentimental enough for the many, not cynical enough for the few. It is disconcerting. That is all.

"At the Cross-Roads" is a singularly powerful story of the mutual salvation two lovers owed each other. The hero is convicted upon overwhelming evidence of an old crime—the arson of a three-volume novel which he had heavily insured. As a matter of fact, an envious brother-novelist had carried off the manuscript, and put the ashes of one of his own stories in its place. The hero, however, having failed in his suit against the insurance company, is prosecuted, convicted, and serves six years penal servitude for the attempt to obtain money under false pretences. During these years the faith of the girl who loved him alone kept alive his faith in himself, in man, and in God; and upon his release from jail and his marriage—after a wonderful discovery of an African diamond-mine had enriched him—he is of no less moral support to his wife. What interests you most, however, is the really admirable character drawing, which will advance considerably F. F. Montrésor's already high reputation as a novelist.

A gallant young Jacobite gentleman is the hero, and a both charming and intrepid young Jacobite maiden, somewhat of the Diana Vernon type, is the heroine, of "Lawrence Clavering." The scene is laid chiefly in the northern counties, and the time is that of the disastrous Marstonwater rising of 1715, the closing incidents of which are spiritedly and graphically described. The villain of the tale is a spy of King George's Government, who dogs and betrays the hero in the most approved fashion, in order to get possession of his estates; but there is more originality in the portrait of him than is usually found in the delineation of that familiar character of fiction and melodrama. The story is interesting and stirring, full of incident, adventure, and hairbreadth escapes by flood and field. "Lawrence Clavering" is an outcome of the recent revival of the historical novel, and is a decidedly good specimen of the class of fiction to which it belongs.

A still better boy's book is "By Stroke of Sword," which is as crowded with adventures as a cockpit with rats, keeping the hero, like a terrier, in frenzied activity. It is appropriately written in a style as vigorous as the hero's arm, and as trenchant as his sword, and no one, boy



Photo S. J. Poole and Co., Putney.

WRITERS OF THE DAY: NO. XXXIII.—MR. THEODORE WATTS-DUNTON.

Mr. Theodore Watts-Dunton has long held a distinguished position as a critic of peculiar authority and a poet whose fame has rested on a number of poems now first brought together in volume form. Born in 1836, he received his earlier education from private tutors at Cambridge. Mr. Watts's early poetical work won him the attention of Rossetti and his circle, and he became literary and artistic critic on the *Examiner*, under the editorship of P. O'Connell. He has now for some years been one of the chief writers on the staff of the *Athenaeum*. He is also the author of "Aylwin: A Poetic Romance," and has contributed various articles to the "Encyclopaedia Britannica," Ward's "English Poets," and other publications. He is a friend of Mr. Swinburne, who lives with him at Putney Hill.

are blackmailed by an old hag who identified him as one of its members. The impression you get of the young lady—the daughter of a Mormon Bishop—is pleasing and original, but rather faint, though it is she who comes to the hero's help in each great crisis of his life. When the villain, who was supposed to have been lynched, turns up and races the hero for the possession of a mine worth millions, it is "Maggie whose cleverness turns the scale in her lover's favour. By the way, the villain's attempt to burn alive in their hotel the hero, his lawyer, and his witnesses, is a preposterous superfluity of naughtiness dragged in head and shoulders to give the story a filip.

The special merit of "The Fascination of the King" is the quality which is specially lacking in "The Golden Crocodile"—go. You do not share, nor even understand, the fascination which the King, who seems made of moonshine, exercises upon all brought into contact with him; but his fight against the French for his throne is most spiritedly described, and you are carried along as with the rush of a charge to the triumphant close. As the love interest is neither prominent nor absorbing, while the adventure interest is continuously and vigorously sustained, "The Fascination of the King" ought to be a successful boys' book.

THE BULUWAYO RAILWAY.

It was in the second week of November that the opening of the railway constructed by the undaunted enterprise of the British South Africa Company and its financial allies, connecting Mafeking, the administrative headquarters of the British Bechuana Protectorate, and thereby also the Cape Colony, with the capital of Matabililand, was celebrated, during several days, with all the *éclat* that official authorities could bestow upon such an important occasion. The presence of Sir Alfred Milner, Governor of the Cape and Imperial High Commissioner for South Africa; Sir W. Hely-Hutchinson, Governor of Natal; Earl Grey, a Director of the British South Africa Company, appointed to manage its affairs in that country since the retirement of Mr. Cecil Rhodes; also Mr. Lawley, the Administrator of its local government in place of Dr. Jameson; and Sir Richard Martin, the commander of its military police; with a numerous gathering of eminent colonists, gold-mine proprietors, landowners, merchants, and bankers from different towns and provinces, including Johannesburg and the Transvaal, and with some Ministers or leading members of the Colonial Legislatures, made this assembly fully representative of the most influential elements

in this "decadent" painter, who "loves womankind in its supreme beauty, which is the supreme evil itself, and who strives to paint, in all its varieties, her eternal feline attributes." One series of M. Georges de Feure's work, "Les Caressees de Satan," might, it is true, commend itself to a prominent novelist on this side of the Channel; but we shudder to think that the artist of such work also occupies himself with menus, invitation-cards, and suchlike frivolities, whilst we owe to him the posters of La Loie Fuller, Salomé, Izita, and others which have enlivened the hoardings of two cities. M. Georges de Feure's art possibly owes something to his mixed origin. His father was Dutch, his mother Belgian, while he was born in Paris. He was educated for an architect, but became a clerk in houses of business at Utrecht, Dordrecht, and the Hague, finally settling with a hatter at Rotterdam. Next he was "general utility man" in an obscure theatre at Amsterdam, and took to writing stories in Dutch. Then he turned to art, and began work with a lithographer, but, "stified in an atmosphere of ugliness," he set to work to emancipate himself and art from the trammels which restrained both him and it. Whether he will be reckoned either as a "leader in the field of decoration" or as "one of the elect of art" we will not risk a prophecy. At any rate, the

draw their "Twenty Masterpieces of the English School" adds very considerably to the public interest or curiosity. It is, of course, not possible for an exhibition so restricted to offer any great variety of names, but the supply of works is apparently inexhaustible. This year the prize for beauty must be awarded to Sir Thomas Lawrence's portrait of Miss Farren. Of Sir J. Reynolds's three children, little Miss Ridge's merry face seems to have been more sympathetic to the artist than either "Collina" or "Sylvia." Of Romney's three ladies, Mrs. Keene is the most simple and direct in treatment; and if Hoppner's two Misses Beresford are somewhat mannerish they are very pretty; but they will not compare for a moment with the round-faced, healthy-looking Lady Elizabeth Howard, a true type of English rustic simplicity. For mastery in landscape Constable is pitted against Turner—Yarmouth Jetty against Sheerness, and Stratford Mill against Walton Bridges—and it would need a bold man to award the prize to one artist without offering an equivalent to the other.

Mr. Joseph Pennell's four-and-twenty etchings will in the eyes of his admirers give a value to Mr. Wickham Flower's *Aquitaine* (Chapman and Hall), which without



THE SLEEPERS LAID ON THE VALDT WITHOUT EARTHWORKS.



THE LAYING OF THE LINE.



OFF THE RAILS: A FREQUENT SIGHT.



MAJOR PAZERA, MR. JULIUS WEIL, AND OTHER VISITORS INSPECTING THE LINE.

RAILWAY-MAKING IN RHODESIA: THE MAFKING - BULUWAYO EXTENSION.

of European civilising progress. It was to be regretted, however, that Mr. Cecil Rhodes, who practically initiated, four or five years ago, the great work undertaken by the British South Africa Company, was absent on account of his illness, under the medical care of Dr. Jameson, in Mashonaland. Among the visitors from England were Mr. H. M. Stanley, the explorer of Central Africa, Colonel Sanderson, Mr. W. H. Fisher, Mr. J. M. Paulton, and other Members of Parliament, specially invited witnesses of an event which cannot fail to be very beneficial to the whole of that vast region so lately made accessible to British industrial and commercial efforts.

ART NOTES.

The inexhaustible resources of art are proverbial, but the public is beginning to accept every fresh development with a shrug of indifference which must be annoying to the aspirant to fame. The Realists and the Romanticists succeeded the Impressionists and the Symbolists; and now we are threatened with the "Feminilists," for one cannot but suppose that M. Georges de Feure desires to copyright his method of obtaining notoriety. M. Octave Uzanne, writing in the pages of our clever contemporary the *Studio*, bids us admire, almost to worship, this latest development of "painting with intellect." But, alas! our knees are stubborn, and we can see only grotesqueness

numerous and astonishing reproductions of de Feure's (formerly von Feure) work given by our contemporary do not stimulate confidence in his future.

The popularity of one style of picture over another is one of those shifting qualities which baffle the most astute publisher. One season sentimental subjects alone sell, in another sporting pictures are run after. Military episodes come into favour by fits and starts, but landscapes and sea-pictures seem generally to retain their hold upon the public. This winter is heralded by the Art Union Society's etching of Millais' "An Idyll of 1745," etched by Mr. W. Hole. The picture, although popular when exhibited, was not regarded as one of the artist's great successes, but the faces of the two girls listening to the boy-fifer are very sweet and simple. Messrs. Faulkner have issued photo-gravures of Mr. W. H. Sullivan's "Charge of the Scots Greys at Waterloo," introducing Sergeant Ewart's capture of the French Eagle, and Mr. Henry Ryland's "Aspiration," one of the clever figure-pieces last summer at Burlington House. Herr Hanfstängl, who has his own method of "graveure," has tried it to good effect on Mr. Vereker Hamilton's "An Ambuscade," which, if intended originally to refer to the Algerian Arabs, might equally well apply to the Afriidis and Orakzais.

The discreet silence or undesigned mystery which hangs over the source whence year after year Messrs. Agnew

them might have appealed in vain to a hurrying public. Mr. Flower has done well to call attention to this part of France, which is not sufficiently known or appreciated by modern travellers, but is nevertheless full of beauties natural and architectural. From its associations, upon which Mr. Flower dwells with the minuteness of a mediæval chronicler, *Aquitaine* and its former capital, Poitiers, deserve a prominent place in the memory of all Christians, especially of English Christians, for it was round the walls of the city that three of the decisive battles of the world were fought: one in which the doctrines of Athanasius finally triumphed over those of the Arians, another when the tide of the Arab invasion of Western Europe was finally rolled back, and the third when the Black Prince restored for a time English supremacy in Western France. But, as Mr. Flower tells and Mr. Pennell shows, there were many other and more peaceful influences at work during the early days of *Aquitaine* which attracted towards her the wealth and the art of other countries. Her own aptitude did the rest, with the result that from the Loire to the frontiers of Béarn South-Eastern France for at least half-a-dozen centuries was one of the prosperous countries of Europe. If good printing and fine illustrations could ensure the success of a book, Mr. Flower's "Travellers' Tales of *Aquitaine*" should command a ready sale among those who can afford themselves luxuries—even in literature.

ECCLESIASTICAL NOTES.

Canon Gore in a recent address said that he had a great enthusiasm for Scottish religion, and a great belief in the ideal set before us by the Scottish Establishment. He advocated a fuller recognition of the rights of the laity, but ridiculed the idea of the Church of England being asked to recognise as laity all the ratepayers or inhabitants. He contended that the lay body ought to be composed of communicants.

The Bishop of St. Asaph is in trouble with his clergy. They are dissatisfied with his administration of patronage in the diocese of St. Asaph. One clergyman writes that the growing dissatisfaction has been brought to a head by the recent appointment of a curate of only three years' service in the diocese, with the lowest possible University honours, and ignorant of the Welsh language, to the important and dignified office of Archdeacon of Wrexham. There are two hundred and six benefices in the diocese, of which more than a hundred are in the Bishop's patronage. The Bishop has invited the clergy to confer with him on the subject.

The Bishop of London, speaking on the Promotion of Purity, declared that it was essential for the young to have a knowledge of physiology in order that they should be equipped to avoid temptation. The Jews were the purest of the races, and it was largely because better instruction on these matters was given to their young. Parents, he thought, were much to blame very often for allowing their children to go into the world without that knowledge on vital subjects which in itself would be a safeguard to them. The Bishop defended the plainness of the marriage service, and said that those who objected to it were unnaturally, hopelessly, and hideously wrong in their conceptions of what must be known.

A Church paper complains that the secular Press of London lacks the note of definite

A CRIMEAN INCIDENT RECALLED.

The saving the colours of the 41st at the Battle of Inkerman has just been commemorated by the Colonel and officers of the first battalion of this regiment, now known as the Welsh Regiment, in very pleasant fashion. A piece of plate, intended to represent the silver destroyed in the disastrous fire at Cardiff, in which the officers lost nearly all their gifts from past donors and many other valuable pieces never to be replaced, has been designed, embodying the several members of this heroic colour party. It is a matter of history that early in the morning of that memorable day, in dense fog, a handful of men became detached from the main body, and, to their horror, found themselves right upon the Russian lines, who were preparing to fire. How they retired, fighting inch by inch against such tremendous odds, will never be forgotten. One of the standard-bearers, Lieutenant Stirling, was killed, and he is here represented in the moment of his fall, fatally wounded; but the colours were saved by the splendid pluck with which the men defended them until help arrived. In addition to this very spirited group, which forms the top of the centre-piece, there are figures giving the different uniforms worn since A.D. 1719, also panels with various actions modelled in alto-relievo, and much else of interest, not only to the regiment, but to any student of our military annals.

The trophy is one of which the officers may well be proud. It is at present on view at the show-rooms of the makers, Messrs. Hunt and Roskell, New Bond Street.

RAILWAY ARRANGEMENTS FOR CHRISTMAS HOLIDAYS.

BRIGHTON AND SOUTH COAST RAILWAY.—Ordinary return tickets for distances from twelve to fifty miles are available for eight days; and for distances over fifty miles for one calendar month, including date of issue and return.

Special fourteen days' excursion by the Newhaven, Dieppe, and Rouen route, through the charming scenery of Normandy, to and from the Paris terminus near the Madeleine, from London by the special express day service on Friday morning, Dec. 24, and also by the express night service on Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday evening, Dec. 24 to 26. Special cheap tickets will



SILVER CENTREPIECE FOR THE OFFICERS' MESS OF THE WELSH REGIMENT, FIRST BATTALION.

religious belief. It gives it credit for being not a reptile, but not corrupt, and not smirched with lubricity. But it says that it does not believe in the God of the Christians, and it thinks that the Press represents adequately the opinion of its readers.

The wife of the new Bishop of Ossory is a younger sister of the wife of his predecessor.

"A Balliol man," writing to a contemporary, says that Dr. Jowett's Broad Churchism had something in common with High Churchmanship. In his own chapel he invariably had the two altar-lights burning at celebrations in the later years of his life. He also provided for a celebration on Ascension Day, a custom by no means universal at Oxford.

It is not often that a benefice is twice offered to the same clergyman, but such has been the case with the vacant living of Exmouth, which has now been offered by the Dean and Chapter of Exeter to the Rev. Edward Freeman. Mr. Freeman, who is a son of Archdeacon Freeman, at present holds the rectory of St. James's, Exeter. He recently declined to leave his cure of souls in the Cathedral town for the neighbouring watering-place, but he has now been asked to reconsider his determination. This unusual step on the part of the patrons of the living is sufficient testimony to the fitness of their choice in their own esteem and that of the parish presumably consulted.

A correspondent who does not give his name, and who says that he is a minister of the Congregational Church, writes to a Church paper saying that Congregationalists are not credulous, and that for them the Nicene Creed represents the faith once for all delivered to the saints. He also says that the Congregationalists, or a large section of them, take the Lutheran view of the Sacrament. He protests against Dr. Horton's being viewed as the spokesman of Congregationalists, and says that "he is an ecclesiastical extremist, who, unhappily, exacerbates the difference between us."

be issued on Friday, Saturday, and Sunday, Dec. 24 to 26, to and from London and the seaside, available for return on any day up to and including Tuesday, Dec. 28.

On Dec. 24, 27, and 28 extra fast trains will leave Victoria and London Bridge Stations for the Isle of Wight, and on Friday, Dec. 24, an extra midnight train will leave London for Brighton, Eastbourne, Hastings, Worthing, Portsmouth, etc.

On Christmas Day the ordinary Sunday service will be run, including the Pullman cheap trains from Victoria to Brighton and Victoria to Eastbourne and back.

On Boxing Day, Monday, Dec. 27, day trips at special excursion fares will be run from London to Brighton, and from Hastings, Eastbourne, Tunbridge Wells, and Brighton to London. For the Crystal Palace holiday entertainments, extra trains will be run to and from London, as required by the traffic.

The Brighton Company announces that their West-End offices, 23, Regent Street, Piccadilly, and 8, Grand Hotel Buildings, Trafalgar Square, and the City office, 6, Arthur Street East, will remain open until 10 p.m. on the evenings of Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, Dec. 22, 23, 24, for the sale of the special cheap tickets, and ordinary tickets to all parts of the line, and to the Continent, at the same fares as charged at London Bridge and Victoria. Similar tickets at the same fares may also be obtained at the usual offices.

THE LONDON AND NORTH-WESTERN COMPANY announces that its ordinary service of express and mail trains will be supplemented by additional express trains as follows:—

On Wednesday, Thursday, and Friday, Dec. 22, 23, and 24, a special train will leave Euston at 11.55 a.m. for Manchester, calling at Rugby, Lichfield, and Stockport only.

A fast special corridor dining-car train will leave Euston at 1.55 p.m., and convey passengers for Carlisle and Glasgow only.

A special train will leave Euston at 4.5 p.m. for Liverpool.

On Friday, Dec. 24, the 4.30 p.m. Euston to Birmingham, will be divided, the first portion, which will run express to Birmingham (calling at Northampton and Stochford only), will leave Euston at 4.25 p.m., and be due at Birmingham at 6.30 p.m. The second portion of the train will leave Euston at 4.30 p.m. as usual, and convey passengers for Northampton, Market Harborough, Melton Mowbray, Wellingborough, Coventry, Birmingham, Walsall, Dudley, and Wolverhampton.

A special train will leave Euston at 5.55 p.m. for Birmingham.

The 12 night train from London (Euston) due at Warrington at 5.29 a.m. on Saturday (Christmas Day), Dec. 25, will be extended from Warrington to Kendal and Carlisle as on ordinary week-days.

On Christmas Day a special train will leave Euston at 6.15 a.m. for Northampton, Rugby, Birmingham, Stafford, Stoke, Crews, Macclesfield, Liverpool, Runcorn, Chester, Chester and Holyhead line, Ireland, Preston, Lancaster, Penrith, Carlisle, Edinburgh, and Glasgow. The day Irish mail (6.45 a.m. from Dublin, W. Row) will leave Holyhead for Chester at 11.30 a.m., and be extended to London, arriving at Euston at 6.5 p.m. Other trains will run as on Sundays.

On Bank Holiday, Monday, Dec. 27, the 12 and 12.10 noon express trains from London will be united, and run as one train, leaving Euston at 12.10 noon. The 4 and 4.10 express trains from London will be united, and run as one train to Rugby, leaving Euston at 4.10 p.m.

CHESS.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

Communications for this department should be addressed to the Chess Editor.

JAVINS (Chapin, Middletown, Conn., U.S.A.).—The two-mover shall be examined; the "automatic" mate is of no use to us.

P. PROCTOR (West Bergholt).—The problem is a three-mover, and we note what you say as to its character.

M. J. HARRIS (Norwich).—Only a contest could decide, and what we think is a mere matter of opinion.

R. STEVENSON (Hull).—We are sorry to say it is you who are wrong and your opponent is entirely in the right. You cannot Castle under the circumstances.

F. MENEDITH.—For a first attempt your problem shows some knowledge of construction; but there is a simple mate in two moves by Kt takes P (ch), and at least one other in three moves besides your own.

E. BARON (Cardiff).—Three of your problems are defective, and the others are too simple for publication.

CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2793 received from Thomas Devlin (Arcata, California); of No. 2794 from Thomas E. Laurent (San Jose); of No. 2796 from P. Grant (Madison), Percy Charles (New York), Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), E. Worthington (Montreal), and Joseph Whittingham (Walspool); of No. 2797 from Marco Salem (Trieste), Avalon, Frank Arnold, Bernard Hirsch, T. C. D. (Dublin), and Joseph Whittingham; of No. 2798 from T. Roberts, F. A. Carter (Malden), Joseph Whittingham (Walspool), Bernard Reynolds, Professor Charles Wagner (Vienna), Marco Salem (Trieste), Avalon, D. Newton (Lisbon), Captain J. A. Challice (Great Yarmouth), E. J. Candy (Norwood), Brian Harley (Saffron Walden), H. S. Brandreth (Athens), F. H. Harris (Bristol), C. M. A. B. W. M. J. (Rotherham), Chess Department of the Reading Society (Corfu), Hereward, G. T. Hughes (Fortunna), R. Winters (Canterbury), G. Birnbach (Berlin), Elm (Marisette), H. D'O. Bernard, Miss D. Gregson, and E. B. Ford (Cheltenham).

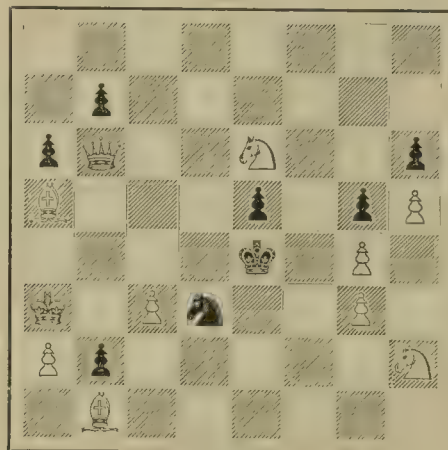
CORRECT SOLUTIONS OF PROBLEM No. 2799 received from E. Loudon, Alpha, C. E. Perugini, Bernard Reynolds, Joseph Willcock (Chester), R. Winters (Canterbury), R. H. Brooks, Captain Spencer, Dr. Waltz (Heidelberg), T. G. Ware, W. P. Hind, F. Meredith (Doxton), W. A. Barnard (Uppingham), Marco Salem (Trieste), T. Roberts, Fred Phillips (Croydon), Miss Wilson (Plymouth), Shadforth, Thomas Harrington, J. D. Tucker (Ilkley), Dr. Stevenson (Hull), Dr. F. St. and Sorrento.

SOLUTION OF PROBLEM No. 2798.—By C. W. (Sunbury.)

WHITE. BLACK.
1. Q to R 5th P to Q 4th Kt takes B
2. Kt to Q 6th (ch) R moves
3. Mate.

PROBLEM No. 2801.—By J. W. ARBOTT.

BLACK.



WHITE.

White to play, and mate in three moves.

CHESS IN THE CITY.

Game played in the Championship Tournament of the City of London Chess Club between Messrs. A. CURNICK and E. O. JONES.

(French Defence.)

WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)	WHITE (Mr. C.)	BLACK (Mr. J.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 3rd	1. Black has drifted into a poor game, and this well-timed sacrifice destroys his last chance.	
2. P to Q 4th	P to Q 4th	21. P takes P	P takes R
3. Kt to Q 3rd	Kt to K B 3rd	22. Q takes P	Kt to K 3rd
4. P takes P		23. Q to Kt 3rd	Kt to Kt 2nd
It is clear now that either White or Black may take the centre pawn at an early stage in this opening without fear.		24. Kt takes Kt	Q takes Kt
White, by this capture, frees his opponent's Queen's Bishop. This piece, otherwise, is difficult to develop.		25. Q to Q 6th (ch)	R to Q 2nd
5. Kt to B 3rd	P takes P	26. R to K Kt sq	Q to R sq
6. B to Q 3rd	P to Q 3rd	27. R to K sq	P to K sq
7. Castles	B to K Kt 5th	28. P to Q Kt 4th	
8. B to K Kt 5th	P to B 3rd	The beginning of the curious process of exhaustion. After a few moves, such as the seizure of White's position that Black must give the exchange back, and then the game is over.	
9. Kt to K 2nd	B takes Kt	29. P to K R 4th	P to K R 4th
10. P takes B	P to K R 3rd	30. R to K Kt sq	Q to R sq
11. B to R 4th	Kt to R 4th	31. B to B 5th	P to B 3rd
12. B to Kt 3rd	Kt to R 4th	32. P to K B 4th	R to Q R 3rd
13. Q to Q 2nd	Q to B 3rd	33. K to K 2nd	K to K 2nd
14. Takes B		34. R to K sq	
This turns out all right, although on general principles the capture somewhat weakens White's position.		For this pretty stroke the previous move was a preparation. There is nothing left for Black.	
15. Kt to Kt 3rd	Kt to B 5th	35. Q to Kt 2nd	
16. Kt to B 5th	Q to B 3rd	36. P to B 5th	K to B sq
17. K to R sq	Kt to R 3rd	37. B takes R	R takes B
18. Q to B 3rd	Kt to R 3rd	38. Q to Kt 5th (ch)	K to Q 2nd
19. R to K Kt sq	K to B sq	39. Q takes P (ch), and wins.	
20. R to Kt 4th	Kt to B 2nd		
21. R takes Kt			

CHESS IN CLAPHAM.

Game played in the Nightingale Chess Club between Sir WYKE DAYLISS and Mr. W. T. MARSHALL.

(Staunton's Opening.)

WHITE (Sir W. B.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)	WHITE (Sir W. B.)	BLACK (Mr. M.)
1. P to K 4th	P to K 4th	14. Q takes P	R to R 7th
2. Kt to K B 3rd	Kt to Q B 3rd	An unusual move, of which White takes instant and full advantage.	
3. P to Q 3rd	P to Q 4th	15. Kt takes B (ch)	Q takes Kt
4. B to Q 5th	P takes P	16. Kt takes P (ch)	Kt to Kt sq
5. Kt takes P	P to Q 2nd	17. R to B 2nd	Kt to B sq
6. Kt takes B	Q takes Kt	18. Q to B 5th	
7. Q to K 2nd	Castles	19. R to B 2nd	
8. Castles	P to B 4th	20. Q takes R	R takes R
9. P to Kt 4th	Kt to B 3rd	21. K to K 2nd	R to B 3rd (ch)
10. Kt to R 3rd	P to Q 3rd	22. K to Kt sq	Resigns
11. Kt to B 4th	Kt to Kt 5th		
12. P to K R 3rd	P to K R 4th		
13. P to K B 3rd	P takes P		

Sir Squire Bancroft is making progress with the various Dickens readings he has promised in aid of charities. That which he gave in Kensington Town Hall in aid of Nazareth House resulted in a profit of £200. Later, when he repeated the entertainment for the benefit of the funds of Westminster Hospital, the Dean, from the Abbey hard by, enumerated the actors and dramatists whose dust is honoured there.

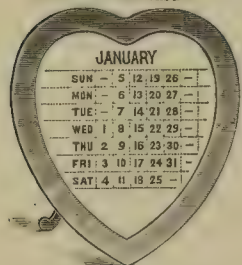
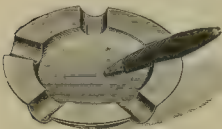
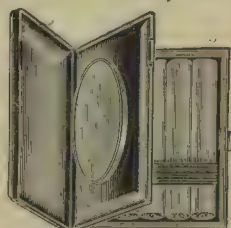
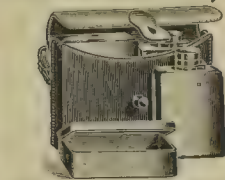
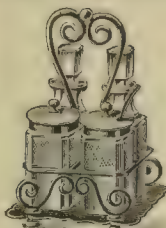
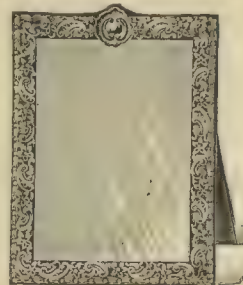
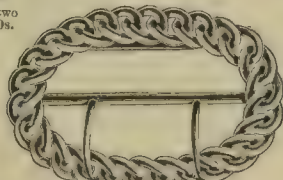
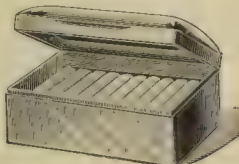
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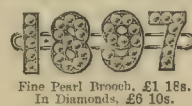
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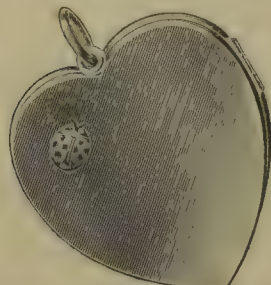
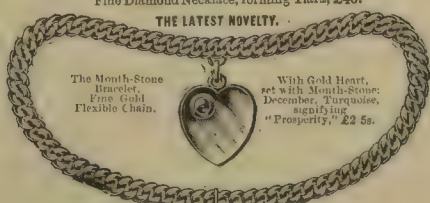
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LADIES' PAGES.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

We good Britons have been accused, and not with obvious injustice, of taking our pleasures in sadness and solemnity, generally speaking. The exceptional occasion which proves this rule comes, perhaps, with December ides—or is it that, suiting other manners to other times, we are applying ourselves to the study of a lighter philosophy? Perhaps one, perhaps both. In any case, no one seeing the busy, bustling, merry crowds that fill streets, shops, and shows at this juncture would receive the impression of a national melancholia. Whether Christmas shopping comes exactly under the heading of pleasure or employment, I am not prepared to decide from the dictionary of derivation point of view, but that it is treated by most people in the pure spirit of enjoyment is sufficiently palpable.

Now, to a mere woman, the acceptance of three certain things is always possible, pleasurable, and appropriate, even if she be in the first degree of acquaintanceship only. They are sweets, scents, and flowers—so much non-committal yet eloquent homage may be conveyed with a basket of roses, a box of chocolates, or a smartly arrayed pint of perfume; while among friends, properly so called, there is no more charming expression of feeling than that brought by any or all three. The innate daintiness of every woman is most appealed to in such dainty gifts, and of all others, short of diamond tiaras or a tip in mining matters, do the aforesaid appeal to our luxurious inwardness. Strangely, at Sainsbury's, are the perfumes and lollypops

engineer or architect; it is, in fact, very difficult to summarise one tenth of the interesting and invaluable useful objects which make the specialty of this well-known house. Their watch aneroid, for instance, aptly called "The Traveller's Companion," is particularly suitable as a gift in this globe-trotting century-end to any or every age and condition. Made with a weather-range scale, enamelled dial, in gilt metal case, and an outer one of morocco, the watch aneroid can be had from thirty-five shillings up to higher prices. A self-recording aneroid barometer in a smart glazed cabinet with the year's supply of charts struck me as being an offering calculated of most others to bring pleasure and novelty into an invalid's life. Clinical thermometers, which can be had in silver or gold cases, again suggest their use and suitability for presentation to nurse or doctor among our friends. A deer-stalking telescope for the sportsman; a hand-camera for the amateur of photographs; a magic-lantern for the nursery folk up to a pair of gold-rimmed glasses for the seventh age of ancient relatives: there are few degrees which cannot be assisted to some seasonable pleasure by the timely visit of a friend to Negretti and Zambra's. A most comprehensive and interesting catalogue has been compiled by them besides, which will make matters still easier to the benevolent country cousin unable to do his shopping in town.

Another capital Christmas present from the utilitarian point of view suggests itself in the "Swan" Fountain pen, which has been brought to great perfection by the well-known makers of gold pens, Mabie, Todd, and Bard. Their thirty-shilling "Swan" pen is, in fact, quite a handsome article with its gold bands on a highly ornate barrel, but these Fountain pens can be had in many prices besides, from twenty-two shillings upwards. Arranged as a châtelaime pen, for instance, no more at once seductive or serviceable gift could be made, while for men an improvement on the leather case has been effected in the neat ingenious clip which is now attached to the point end. The evolution of the goosequill may, in fact, be traced to its present point of perfection by a visit to the City, Cheapside, or Regent Street shops of Mabie, Todd, and Bard, where it becomes possible to possess oneself of glorified modern versions of the Stylus, ranging from half-a-guinea even up to nineteen sovereigns.

I am possessed with the idea whenever a modern smoking-room comes within my range of vision that those muscular Christians, our fox-hunting grandfathers, would have spent much more time indoors had the later-day luxuriousness of our arm-chairs been developed. Those low, easy, lounging depths and the pleasant possibilities of what doctors call "putting up your legs" were in no way understood by a Chippendale generation. An absolute illustration of my meaning appears in this accompanying sketch of the Carter Couch Chair, which is at once the most placid and peace-compelling fireside companion that any man, be he Benedict or bachelor, can sigh for. Carter invalid chairs are well-established boons and blessings to convalescing humanity, but this addition to the comforts of the robust majority should more than ever recommend these makers to popularity.

And now a word in the ear of hostesses who, in promoting the time-honoured Christmas "spread," yet have the instinct of uniting *finesse* to feeding. Of course, one is condemned and resigned to the plum-pudding and mince pie of this festive time just as one is inevitably bound over to an inch of appetite-killing bride-cake and icing at afternoon weddings. But there are compensations possible to the most classic Christmas dinner, and of these the truffled turkey, as composed and supplied by Benoist, is surely the cheapest. His *poularde*, his game pies, his boars' heads, his braised beef à la Benoist, his caviare fresh from Astrachan—does the gourmet in town or country live who has not yet tasted these Piccadilly specialities? If such there be, go mark him well, for he is but a foolish fellow to have unnecessarily missed so much extra *joie de vivre* as is experienced in consuming them.

DRESS.

The exigencies of fine frocks possess me, I freely confess, moment, contrary to all ordinary. Even nights at the play, always a potent source of inspiration in chiffons, have been neglected for the all-pervading business of Christmas and its surroundings. As a sort of compensation to myself, I turned into Niagara one afternoon this week, and, among other gowns, was immediately enslaved with the original of this *chic* little sketch, done in dahlia-coloured cloth and dark sable of the true Russian depth of brown. The skirt, cut to admiration, was banded with the fur to below the knee



SEEN AT NIAGARA.

at regular intervals, and lined with bright pink silk which flashed out at discreet intervals as the wearer swam around. The hat and waist-belt were of a darker tone than the bluish red of frock, and the whole made a distinctly successful blot of colour against the ice, than which, by the way, there is no better background for a pretty picture. At the last Sandown meeting, Mrs. Langtry, in a sealskin skirt and moujik, with bright blue hat crowning all, gave the other women advisedly something to look at, for very few daughters of Eve are given to wear a dress made entirely of fur with marked success; and that it was accomplished on this occasion leaves no doubt in the minds of those who happened to be on the spot.

Another gown which, however, impressed me as being even better worn was met at a smart wedding reception this week, and is here set down with all possible grace and accuracy. The jacket of South American chinchilla was exquisitely shaped and gathered into the figure with a quite too entirely ravishing belt of white morocco leather, "crushed" scientifically and fashionably, and set with emeralds of size and simulation. The skirt and capote are singly and separately extremely clever, being composed of that particular shade of soft warm yet not too dark purple which goes with chinchilla to a miracle. It is neither heliotrope, mauve, or purple, but the real gloxinia tone, and with jabot and muff frills of fine Limerick lace, and the smartest of patent leathers with brown morocco "upper parts," the lady in question may be summed up as very complete indeed.

A few of the evening-gowns were very well done at the Dumb Friends' League Ball at Prince's Hall, on Wednesday. So unquestionably was the supper with M. Fourault, of Prince's Restaurant, as director of the menu. Mrs. Bigham, the wife of the new Judge, was there, efflorescent in pink. Lady William Lennox, always a genial and popular presence, wore black covered with fine old lace; Lady Redhouse green brocade, a charming unknown grey with steel spangles, and so on



DIAMOND NECKLACE PRESENTED TO LADY FITZALAN HOWARD.

Some time ago it was decided to commemorate the Duke of Norfolk's Mayoralty of the City of Sheffield by the erection of a statue of his Grace in the Town Hall, and to recognise the kind services of Lady Mary Howard as Mayress by the presentation of a diamond necklace to her Ladyship. The necklace, designed and executed by the Goldsmiths' and Silversmiths' Company, of Regent Street, was presented to Lady Mary last week by the present Lord Mayor of Sheffield, Alderman Franklin, who at the same time handed her Ladyship an address.



A CHARMING GOWN.

which inevitably carry conviction to the feminine soul. So fragrant and delicate are the scents, so toothsome and satisfying the sweets, all of which are prepared with utmost care at this old-established fountain-head of fragrance. Sainsbury's Lavender Water has, indeed, become in the most literal sense a household word, and not without reason, seeing that only English lavender is used in its preparation, and the peculiar fragrance, therefore, retained which is never found with the cheaper foreign extracts. Cowslip, white lilac, and lily-of-the-valley are three especially exquisite natural perfumes among the rest on Sainsbury's list, and it is worth noting that no chemicals of any kind are admitted in the manufactures of this firm. No need to send for Louis Quinze Pralines or the Nougat of Montélimar, to Paris now, since here the most unimaginably exquisite bon-bons of all sorts are to be found reposing in palatable boxes and baskets for the delectation of dainty palates. Marquis' famous chocolates and fondants are kept in every variety, and charming trilles for the Christmas-tree are brought across from Paris that one does not seem to see anywhere else than at Sainsbury's.

Not to exclude the boys from my *résumé* of realisable delights, I have also found time to make acquaintance with steam-engine models, counting machines, stereoscopes, spectrum apparatus, and a hundred other interesting and scientific things which can be seen nowhere with greater advantage or variety than at Negretti and Zambra's, of Holborn Viaduct celebrity. No more useful or deeply welcomed present is possible than an opera or field-glass for example, and a more exhaustive stock cannot be seen in London than here. Then again, smart gold or silver-mounted or tortoise-shell lorgnettes are very politely successful gifts to sister, cousin, or aunt; telescope or compass for the midgy; microscope for medical student or botanistic embryo; instruments variously for the young

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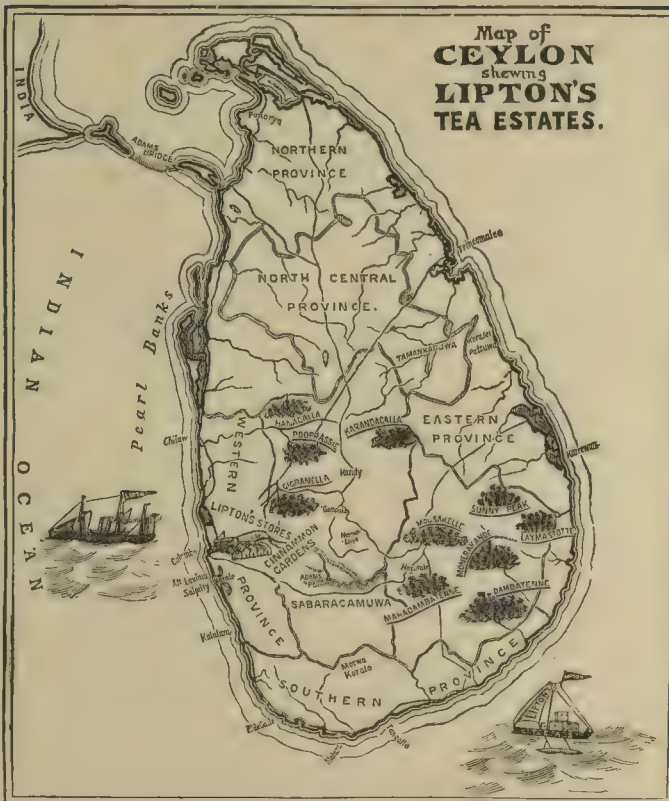
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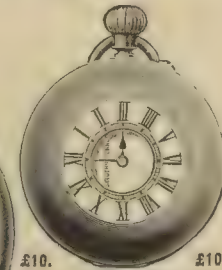
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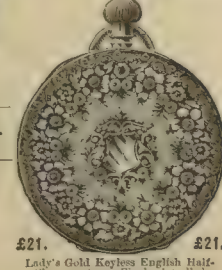
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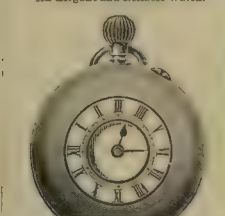
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with variations. Mr. Arthur Coke, the indefatigable secretary, may, in fact, be unequivocally congratulated on the numbers who sympathetically responded to his plea for the dogs, donkeys, and cats of Greater London, and who on this occasion danced and toasted them into (we may hope) a position of more active comfort. Mr. Adolph Birkenrath's picture on the dance cards was intensely charming. There was an actuality about the depressed donkey and the rakish fox-terrier which quite reconciled one to the obsolete presence of programmes. The Dumb Friends' League seems, indeed, to prosper and flourish exceedingly. May its shadow, as represented by sleek, well-fed metropolitan domestic quadrupeds, never grow less! SYMBL.

NOTES.

There are more ladies on the present London School Board than has been the case for a great many years, eight out of the twelve who stood for election having been returned. This is the moment for somebody to find out that women are not legally eligible to sit as members of School Boards at all. A writer in the *Salisbury Journal* points out that Lord Esher laid it down that a woman cannot occupy any public position except she be declared eligible by express statute; and on this ground women were declared by the Judges to be ineligible to sit as members of County Councils. It appears that it is equally left unexpressed in the School Board Acts that women may sit as members. Where is the rejected candidate to challenge the seat of a lady chosen at the polls? An enterprising candidate made haste to avail himself of the notion: one Canon Davies, of Salford, put out bills informing the electors that the lady candidate, Mrs. Handel Booth, was legally ineligible, so "electors, do not waste your votes." Mrs. Booth was nevertheless returned. What next?

When we order "soda water" for the domestic dinner-table what do we expect to get? The South Shields Town Council has taken proceedings against a local publican for selling as "soda water" a beverage containing only half a grain of bicarbonate of soda, whereas the Pharmacopœia requires that a bottle shall have dissolved in it no less than fifteen grains! The tradesman vainly pleaded that nobody wants a strong medicinal water when he orders soda water; people only expect to have an aerated water. In ordinary cases this is true; yet why is so high a charge made for a merely aerated water that it becomes an expensive form of drink? A conviction was given in the South Shields case.

A very domestic question was referred from the Westminster County Court to the Divisional Court, where Mr. Justice Hawkins and another Judge were required to meet a problem so abstruse that they, as they originally professed, took time to consider the case, but, as they incidentally admitted in delivering their judgment, really sought an opportunity to consult their own domestic mentors; so that the judgment as delivered was not that of Sir Henry

but of Lady Hawkins, who fortunately agreed in her view with the Lady consulted by the other Judge. The question was taken up to the Court of Appeal by the proprietors of a Registry Office for Servants, who desired to obtain a judgment from a higher Court that would be binding upon County Court Judges for all time. The point at issue was whether a servant is entitled to leave her place at the end of the first month, and to be paid for the month, provided she has told the mistress before or at the end of the first fortnight that she does not intend to stay beyond the month. The County Court Judge held that there was no evidence of the custom existing in regard to domestic service allowing a servant to leave at the end of a month by giving notice to do so any time after the first half of it, and that, even if such a custom did exist, it would be unreasonable and not binding on all employers. Unfortunately, the law on the case has not been settled even by the costly process of an appeal, for Mr. Justice Hawkins held that it was the province of the County Court Judge to decide upon a question of fact, and he having found as a fact that no such custom as the servant claimed is recognised, the appeal must be dismissed. He thought, however, that there was a good deal of evidence that the custom was very generally recognised, and Mr. Justice Channell said that his domestic adviser also had expressed the opinion that it was a very general custom, but "not so notorious that everybody ought to know it, and that it should be judicially recognised as binding."

An influential meeting has been held in London to consider the question of a Woman's University. The view taken, practically without exception, by the distinguished educationists, who either attended or wrote, was that which I have expressed here very strongly—that such an attempt should not be made. Mrs. Bryant, D.Sc., pointed out that by an examination of the Arts Lists of the London University of the past eighteen years, since the degrees of the institution had been open to women, it was seen that the percentage of women to men candidates for degrees had risen from twelve to eighteen in the first twelve years, and in the last six years had grown to thirty-five. Mrs. Bryant said she did not personally know one woman who wanted a Woman's University, nor had she even met a single person who knew a woman who wanted to take a degree from such a University: there was a persistent preference for the degrees of London, Oxford, and Cambridge. Mrs. William Grey, founder of the Girls' Public Day-Schools Company, alluded to the new scheme as "ridiculous and fatal to the best interests of women." Mrs. Sidgwick said that nothing would induce Newnham to be associated with any other University than Cambridge, and the President of the Head Mistresses' Association informed the meeting that that expert body is opposed to a Woman's University, and would regard the foundation of one as reactionary. The idea which was at the bottom of this movement was, it appears, to obtain support for Holloway College in an application for a Royal Charter

which should give it authority to confer degrees on women only; but after this influential conference, and its strong assertion of disapproval of such an idea, the scheme may surely be considered as still-born.

In two successive cases at the St. Pancras Coroner's Court the other day inquests were held on infants who had taken cold by being carried to church to be baptised, and had died very quickly from inflammation of the lungs. When the weather is cold, wet, foggy, or otherwise unfavourable, it is a pity to take very young infants into the damp and chill of a church for this purpose. If they are healthy and likely to survive, there is no object in having them christened under three months old, at any rate, by which time they will have become habituated to being taken out, and if well wrapped up, will probably not suffer from the ceremony. In the case of delicate children, it is, as most people know, admissible to have them christened at home, and the clergy are generally very willing to go to parents' houses for this purpose if asked. F. F.-M.

WILLS AND BEQUESTS.

Letters of administration, with the will (dated Aug. 27, 1883) annexed, of the personal estate of Mr. Joseph Moseley, of the firm of David Moseley and Sons, india-rubber and gutta-percha manufacturers, Manchester, and of Cringle Hall, Levenshulme, Lancashire, who died on Aug. 3, were granted at the Manchester District Registry on Nov. 23 to Mrs. Rachel Moseley, the widow, the gross value of the personal estate amounting to £305,653, and the net to £264,061. The testator bequeaths £1000, and all the household provisions and stores, wines and liquors at his dwelling-house to his wife. All his real estate and the residue of his personal estate he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life, she maintaining and educating children during minority, or, as to daughters, until they shall marry or cease to reside with her, and at her death equally for all his children.

The will (dated June 13, 1894) of Mr. Charles Edward Fox, of the Inner Temple, and Clayton, Clifton Park, Bristol, for nearly thirty years Master in Equity of the High Court, Bombay, who died on Nov. 6, was proved on Dec. 4 by Stephen Newcome Fox, the brother, John Macpherson, and Charles Perrin, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £34,050. The testator bequeaths £500, and his household furniture, pictures, plate, carriages and horses, to his wife, the Hon. Selina Catherine Fox; and £50 each to his executors. The residue of his real and personal estate he leaves, as to one moiety thereof, upon trust, for his wife for life or widowhood, and, subject thereto, the whole to his children, share and share alike.

The will (dated June 16, 1897) of Mr. Henry Chaytor, J.P., D.L., of Wotton Castle, Bishop Auckland, Durham, who died on June 19, was proved on Nov. 25 in the Durham District Registry, by Sir William Henry Edward Chaytor, Bart., the nephew, Henry Hutchinson Trotter, and William

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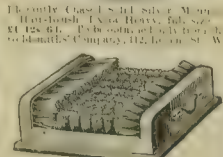
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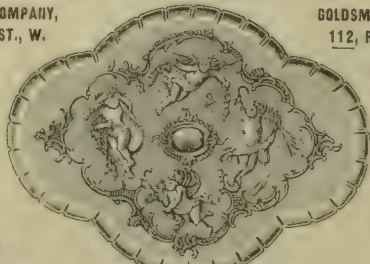


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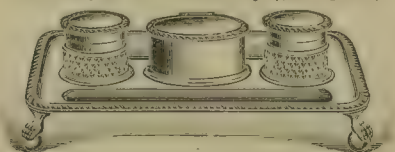
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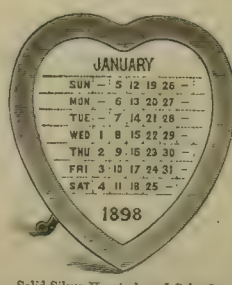
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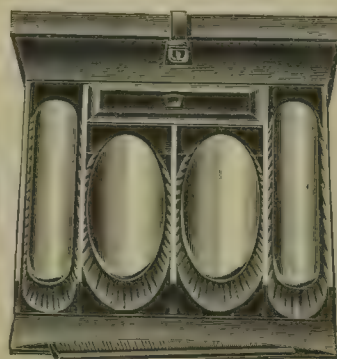
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Hill, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £158,750. The testator bequeaths £2000 each to his nephews, Percy Chaytor and DREWETT ORMONDE DREWETT; £2000 to Henry Hutchinson Trotter; £5000 to William Hill; £500 to Ralph Wilson, and large legacies to servants. The residue of his personal estate he leaves as to one-half thereof for his nephew, John Clervaux Chaytor, and the other half between the children of his late eldest brother and the children (except the eldest son) of his nephew, Sir William Chaytor. He devises all his real estate, upon trust, for his nephew, Sir William Chaytor, for life, with remainder to his first and other sons, according to seniority in tail male.

The will (dated March 21, 1868), with a codicil (dated April 2, 1895), of Mr. Edmund Calverley, J.P., D.L., of Oulton Hall, Leeds, who died on Sept. 15, has been proved at Wakefield by John Selwin Calverley, the son and sole executor, the value of the personal estate being £150,283. The testator gives £500 and certain jewels to his wife, Mrs. Isabella Calverley, and he charges his real estate with the payment of £800 per annum to her during

her widowhood, or until she shall succeed to the Down Hall Estate, Essex. Having appointed £10,000, part of the funds of his marriage settlement, to his daughter, Mabel Gertrude, he now appoints the remainder thereof—namely, £2000, to his son John Selwin Calverley. He states that he makes no provision for his younger children, as they are otherwise provided for. Oulton Hall and all other his manors, lands, hereditaments, and premises, he devises to his son John for life, with remainder to his first and other sons according to seniority in tail male. The residue of his personal estate he leaves to his said son John.

The will (dated Sept. 15, 1897) of Mr. Matthew Newman, of Hayes Court, Hayes, who died on Oct. 26, was proved on Dec. 2 by Alfred Pullin Newman, Edward Pullin Newman, and Robert Newman, the nephews, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £61,314. The testator devises certain farms and garden-land at Uxbridge, Harlington, and Millington, upon trusts, for his nephews, Edward, Robert, and Charles Newman. He also gives the silver cup given to him by the Middlesex Agricultural Society for the best cultivated farm in

Middlesex, to his landlord, William Minet; £3000 to his niece, Mary Lucy Tabernacle; £5000 to his niece, Mary Hatch; £3000 each to his nieces, Fanny Hailey and Annie Adams; £1000 each to his nieces, Emily Chapman and Alice Cutler; and large legacies to servants and specific gifts to his relatives. The residue of his property he leaves as to one fourth each to his nephews, Edward, Alfred, Robert, and Charles, but the lands devised as above to his nephews, Edward, Robert, and Charles, are to be taken on account of their shares.

The will (dated Feb. 24, 1896), with four codicils (dated March 31, Sept. 13, and Dec. 1, 1896, and Feb. 4, 1897), of Sir William Alexander Mackinnon, K.C.B., of 28, Evelyn Gardens, South Kensington, Honorary Surgeon to the Queen, who died on Oct. 28, has been proved by Admiral Sir Charles Hotham, K.C.B., Major-General David Mackill Crichton Maitland and Fieko Dalgleish Williams, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £25,567. The testator bequeaths £2000 to the University of Edinburgh, upon trust, to found scholarships, to be called the "Mackinnon Scholarships," for proficiency in

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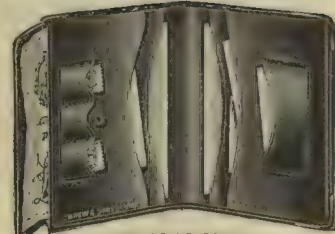
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geology, natural history together with comparative anatomy and modern foreign languages; £100 to the Society of the Sons of the Clergy of the Church of Scotland; £500 and an annuity of £200 to his sister Flora Downie Mackinnon; £200 to his sister, Mrs. Louisa Lydiard; an annuity of £100 to his servant, Mrs. Harvey, for life, and then to her daughter, Dorothy Harvey, for her life, and legacies to his nephews, nieces, and executors. The residue of his property he leaves to the Royal Society, at Burlington House, upon trust, to found and endow prizes and scholarships for the special study and research of natural and physical science, including geology, astronomy, and pathology.

The will (dated May 23, 1889), with a codicil (dated Feb. 17, 1897), of Mr. John Percy Sykes, of Calverley Grange, Calverley, Yorks, and formerly of 13, Woodhouse Square, Leeds, has been proved in the Wakefield District Registry by Mrs. Frances Mary Sykes, the widow, James Cecil Sykes, the brother, Thomas Marmaduke Wormald, and

William Henry Steward, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £18,164. The testator leaves all his property, upon trust, for his wife for life, and then to his children, and in default thereof to his brothers and sister in equal shares.

The will (dated Aug. 30, 1895) of Mr. William Sydney Attenborough, of Henlow, Bedford, who died on May 17 last, was proved on Dec. 4 by Stanley James Attenborough, the brother, and Herbert Attenborough, the cousin, the executors, the value of the personal estate being £12,681. The testator appoints his one tenth share of the property of his father James Attenborough, who died in 1892, to all his children who, being a son, attains twenty-one and, being a daughter, attains that age or marries. He gives £200, and his jewels, wines, and consumable stores to his wife, and £100 each to his executors. His freehold premises at Henlow and the residue of his property he leaves, upon trust, for his wife for life or widowhood, and then to his children in equal shares.

MISCELLANEOUS.

Mr. Brown, the owner of the warehouse in which the great City fire last month is supposed to have originated, stood looking at the flames for ten minutes, and "then proceeded to Cheapside for lunch." Such is the evidence at the inquest on Monday. Mr. Brown is a philosopher, and affords, we suppose, another proof of the "sober-mindedness" of the British people, who keep their heads where Italians and Spaniards would be "beside themselves" with excitement. The prevalent idea of the foreigner that an Englishman will not give up his dinner for anything will no doubt, be confirmed by the conduct of that representative Briton in name, Mr. Brown.

But there is another side to the picture, and the "barbarous Britisher" will rank with the most impressionable peoples as a sentimentalist on occasions. This is what Mr. Chamberlain has just found in the case of his gardener at Highbury, Birmingham. The man, who had

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- (5) Portable Hand Fire Pumps.
- (6) Fixed or Portable Fire Escapes.
- (7) Warehouse and Domestic Fire Drill.

All above undertaken by Merryweathers to meet requirements of London County Council and other Authorities. By Merryweathers' System Insurance rates are kept at a minimum.

The Fire at **LAMBETH PALACE** on December 5 was stopped by one of Merryweathers' Hand Pumps.

CHRISTMAS PRESENTS.

WALTHAM WATCHES
THE BEST TIMEKEEPERS
IN THE WORLD.

Waltham Watches to-day are the Most Perfect in Quality and Most Moderate in Price.

Do not be misled or persuaded into paying a larger price for a watch no better, and probably not so good, as a Waltham.

The Largest Stock in the Kingdom is to be found at

H. W. BEDFORD'S, 67, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.

PRICE LIST FREE ON APPLICATION.

CONSOLS

CIGARETTES

3^d PER BOX OF 10

Imported from the UNITED STATES.
— Ten Mouthpieces in each Box. —

SYMINGTON'S
 HIGH PRESSURE
 STEAM PREPARED
PEA FLOUR
 EASILY DIGESTED.
 FOR SOUPS, GRAVIES, &c.
 Trade Mark. Sold in Tins and Packets by all Grocers.
 Manufacturers (Established over 60 years),
BOWDEN STEAM MILLS, Market Harboro.
 Export Agent: J. T. Morton, London.



ADAMS'S THE OLDEST AND BEST.
"The Queen."—Feels no hesitation in recommending its use.—Dec. 22, 1883.
FURNITURE
POLISH.
 Unequalled for its Brilliance and Cleanliness.
 It Cleans, Polishes, and Preserves Furniture, Brown Boots, Patent Leather, and Varnished or Enamelled Goods.
VICTORIA PARK WORKS, SHEFFIELD.

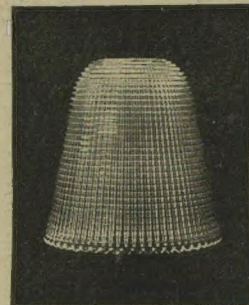
IMPORTANT TO COMMITTEES OF HUNT BALLS & ASSEMBLIES.

THE "HOLOPHANE"

PATENT
 Light-Diffusing Globe

WITH
 INCANDESCENT GAS or
 ELECTRIC LIGHT,
 is very effective for Ball-Room
 Decoration.

Used in the Decoration in
 WELBECK ABBEY, ASCOT
 GRAND STAND BALL,
 and other Notable Gatherings.



NEW ELECTRIC PATTERN, No. 30.

BEAUTIFUL PATTERNS.

PRICES FROM 2s. UPWARDS.

CATALOGUES FREE.

If you cannot obtain them of your Dealer, send Post-Card for Price-List to
 "HOLOPHANE," Limited, 91, 93, 95, QUEEN VICTORIA STREET, LONDON, E.C.

The SURGICAL AID SOCIETY

CHIEF OFFICE: SALISBURY SQUARE, FLEET ST., E.C.
 President: THE RIGHT HON. THE EARL OF ABERDEEN.
This Society was established in 1832 to supply Trusses, Elastic Stockings, Artificial Limbs, &c., and every other description of mechanical support to the poor, without limit as to locality or disease.
 WATER BEDS AND INVALID CHAIRS AND CARRIAGES ARE LENT TO THE AFFLICTED.
It provides against imposition by supplying the appliances on the certificate of a Surgeon only. By special grants it ensures that every deserving applicant shall receive prompt assistance. 21,513 Appliances given in 1893.
OVER 270 PATIENTS ARE RELIEVED EVERY WEEK.
 Annual Subscription of 20 10 6
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 Entitles to Two Recommendations per Annum.
 Bankers: Messrs. BARCLAY and Co., Ltd., Lombard St.
RICHARD C. TRESIDDER, Secretary.



THE GENUINE EAU DE QUININE

celebrated all the world over as the
BEST HAIR TONIC
 A POSITIVE DANDRUFF CURE
 A BEAUTIFIER — AN INDISPENSABLE TOILET LUXURY
ED. PINAUD'S EAU de QUININE prevents the hair from falling off
BEWARE OF IMITATIONS

ED. PINAUD
 PARIS

As Supplied to HER MAJESTY'S OFFICE OF WORKS.
 IS free from Chemicals.
 SIMPLY applied
 MAGIC in effect
FLACK'S LEATHER REVIVER
 Restores
 faded and worn
 Leather Furniture,
 Carriage Linings &c.
 Dries hard, does not crack.

Maroon, Blue, & Jack Green (three shades) and without colour.
 In Bottles 1/3; sufficient for suite of Furniture, 4/-
 Of all Stores, Furnishing Warehouses, Ironmongers, Druggists, &c.
H. FLACK, 264, BOROUGH, LONDON, S.E.

De LOSSY - HOLDEN CHAMPAGNE.

The 1892 Vintage of this renowned brand is
 now in splendid condition, and must be justly
 considered the finest vintage of the century.

TO BE HAD OF ALL WINE MERCHANTS.

Consignee: W. DOYLE, 35, Crutched Friars, London, E.C.

De LOSSY - HOLDEN CHAMPAGNE.

CIGARES DE JOY

(JOY'S CIGARETTES)
 Immediately Relieve

**ASTHMA, WHEEZING,
 CHRONIC BRONCHITIS**

Chemists & Stores, box of 35, 2/6, or Post Free from
WILCOX & Co., 63, Mortimer Street, London, W.
TRIAL SAMPLE FREE.

For the Health and Beauty of the SKIN.
"LANOLINE"
 Toilet Preparations
"LANOLINE"
 Darling Brand
 from all Chemists.
 Wholesale Depot:—67, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON.

ROBINSON & CLEAVER, BELFAST.

And 164, 166 & 170, REGENT ST., LONDON, W.
 Grand Diploma of Honour, Edinburgh, 1890; Two Prize Medals, Paris, 1889.
IRISH CAMBRIC
 Children's Bordered ... 1/3 Hemstitched, ... 2/0
 Ladies' ... 2/3 Ladies' ... 2/0
 Gents' ... 3/3 Gents' ... 3/11
POCKET HANDKERCHIEFS.
IRISH DAMASK TABLE LINEN. Fish-Napkins, 2/11 per doz.;
 Table-Cloths, 2 yards square, 2/11; 2½ yards by 3 yards, 5/6 each; Kitchen Table-
 Cloths, 1½d. each; Strong Hucknaback Towels, 4/6 per doz.; Frilled Linen Pillow-Cases, from 1/4 each.
 By Special Appointment to the Queen and the Emperor Frederick of Germany.
 N.B.—To Prevent Delay, all Letter Orders and Inquiries for Samples should be sent Direct to Belfast.

17 & 18 PICCADILLY W.
DIAMONDS, PEARLS,
 GOLD JEWELLERY, PLATE MEDALS &c.
Spink & Son, Diamond Merchants ESTD 1772
 AND FROM PURCHASED OR EXCHANGED
 1 & 2 GRACECHURCH ST LONDON. \$5 TO \$10,000.

Jewels, Gold, &c.,
 may be sent per
 Registered Post in
 absolute safety,
 and are returned
 at once, post free,
 if offer be not
 accepted.

CAW'S "SAFETY" FOUNTAIN PEN

Can't Leak any way you carry it. Can't Blot or Dry Up.



A New Fountain Pen on a New Principle.

When finished writing, the nib is drawn into the ink reservoir, where it is kept clean and moist; and the reservoir being corked up tight by the Safety Cap (A), the Pen can be carried in any position without leakage. One twist of the wrist opens it for filling, another twist and it is ready to write.

Made in Three Sizes; all with Gold Nibs; Prices 12s. 6d. and 16s. 6d. in Plain Holders; 14s. 6d. to 21s. 6d. in Gold-Mounted Holders.

Manufactured by
CAW'S PEN & INK CO., 168, BROADWAY, NEW YORK, U.S.A.
 BRITISH AGENT: 46, HOLBORN VIADUCT, LONDON, E.C.

CASH'S NEW RUFFLED LACE FRILLING.



The "LADY" says—"The new Ruffled Lace Frillings are particularly dainty and pretty, and they can be bought with every confidence that they will wear as long as the material of which the garments they adorn are made."

As there are many imitations of these Frillings in inferior quality, please notice that none are our manufacture that do not bear our Name and Trade Mark. All Goods are warranted full measure.

For Woven Samples (not returnable) please apply to—
J. & J. CASH, Limited, COVENTRY.

LOW'S
HIGHLAND WHISKY
 SUPPLIED DIRECT TO CONSUMERS ONLY
SAMPLES FREE
GEORGE LOW, MONTROSE, N.B.

CHARMING VINOLIA CHRISTMAS PRESENTS

4^d. PREMIER VINOLIA SOAP

(For Family Use.)

For Delicate, Sensitive, Irritable Skins.

The CHEMIST and DRUGGIST reports: "An ideal soap, delightfully perfumed."

1/- per Box of 3 Tablets.

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR GENTLEWOMEN.

1/-

A 1s. Parcel of choice Vinolia Toilet Articles includes the following—s. d.
1 2-oz. packet Vinolia Violet Powder ... 0 3
1 Tablet Blondeau Old-English Toilet Soap ... 0 2
1 Tablet Buttermilk Soap ... 0 3
1 Vinolia Sachet (any odour) ... 0 4

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR GENTLEMEN.

1/-

A 1s. Parcel of choice Vinolia Toilet Articles includes the following—s. d.
1 Premier Vinolia Shaving-Stick ... 0 3
1 Tablet Buttermilk Soap ... 0 3
1 2-oz. Packet Vinolia Violet Powder ... 0 3

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR GENTLEWOMEN.

5/-

A 5s. Parcel of choice Vinolia Toilet Articles includes the following—s. d.
1 Box (3 Tablets) Premier Vinolia Soap ... 1 0
1 Box Vinolia Cream ... 1 1 1/2
1 " Vinolia Powder ... 1 0
1 Bottle Blondeau Perfume (either one of the odours mentioned) ... 0 6
1 Vinolia Sachet (any odour) ... 0 4
1 Box Premier Vinolia Dentifrice ... 0 6
1 Tube Lysyl ... 0 6

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR GENTLEMEN.

5/-

A 5s. Parcel of choice Vinolia Toilet Articles includes the following—s. d.
1 Box (3 Tablets) Premier Vinolia Soap ... 1 0
1 Box Vinolia Cream ... 1 1 1/2
1 " Vinolia Violet Powder ... 0 3
1 Bottle Blondeau Perfume (either one of the odours mentioned) ... 0 6
1 Bottle Vinolia Brilliantine (for the Hair or Moustache) ... 0 9
1 Packet Vinolia Cosmetic (for the Moustache) ... 0 6
1 Box Premier Vinolia Dentifrice ... 0 6
1 Premier Vinolia Shaving-Stick ... 0 6

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR GENTLEWOMEN.

15/-

A 15s. Parcel of Choice Vinolia Toilet Articles includes the following—s. d.
1 Box Toilet Vinolia Soap (3 Tabs.) ... 2 6
1 Buttermilk Soap ... 0 9
1 " Vinolia Cream ... 1 9
1 " Blondeau Carbolic Tooth Powder ... 0 6
1 Box Vinolia Powder ... 0 6
1 Premier Vinolia Dentifrice ... 0 6
1 Tube Vinolia Tooth Paste ... 0 6
1 Lysyl ... 0 6
1 Bottle Lait Vinolia ... 0 6
1 Blondeau Perfume (either one of the odours mentioned) ... 1 0
1 Bottle Vinolia Hair Wash (dry or moist) ... 1 0
1 Bottle Vinolia Eau de Cologne ... 1 0
1 Bottle Vinolia Lavender Water ... 1 0
1 Vinolia Brilliantine (for the Hair) ... 0 9
1 " Vinolia Violet Powder ... 0 6
1 Vase Vinolia Pomade ... 1 0

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR GENTLEMEN.

15/-

A 15s. Parcel of Choice Vinolia Toilet Articles includes the following—s. d.
1 Box Toilet Vinolia Soap (3 Tabs.) ... 2 6
1 " Vinolia Cream ... 1 9
1 " Premier Vinolia Dentifrice ... 1 0
1 Tube Vinolia Tooth Paste ... 0 6
1 Bottle Blondeau Perfume (either one of the odours mentioned) ... 1 0
1 Bottle Vinolia Brilliantine (for the Hair or Moustache) ... 1 3
1 Vase Vinolia Pomade ... 1 0
1 Vinolia Shaving-Stick ... 1 0
1 Vinolia Shaving-Cake ... 2 0
1 Tube Vinolia Shaving-Cream ... 0 9
1 Bottle Vinolia Hair Wash (dry or moist) ... 1 0

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR GENTLEWOMEN.

2/-

A 2s. Parcel of Choice Vinolia Toilet Articles includes the following—s. d.
1 Tablet Premier Vinolia Soap ... 0 4
1 Box Premier Vinolia Dentifrice ... 0 6
1 2-oz. Packet Vinolia Violet Powder ... 0 3
1 Bottle Blondeau Perfume (either one of the odours mentioned) ... 0 6
1 Bottle Vinolia Eau de Cologne ... 0 6

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR GENTLEMEN.

2/-

A 2s. Parcel of Choice Vinolia Toilet Articles includes the following—s. d.
1 Tablet Premier Vinolia Soap ... 0 4
1 2-oz. Packet Vinolia Violet Powder ... 0 3
1 Box Blondeau Carbolic Tooth Powder ... 0 6
1 Premier Vinolia Shaving-Stick ... 0 6
1 Bottle Blondeau Perfume (either one of the odours mentioned) ... 0 6

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR GENTLEWOMEN.

7/6

A 7s. 6d. Parcel of Choice Vinolia Toilet Articles includes the following—s. d.
1 Box (3 Tablets) Premier Vinolia Soap ... 1 0
1 Box (3 Tablets) Buttermilk Soap ... 0 9
1 " Vinolia Cream ... 1 1 1/2
1 " Premier Vinolia Dentifrice ... 0 6
1 " Vinolia Violet Powder ... 0 3
1 Tin Vinolia Violet Powder ... 0 6
1 Tube Lysyl ... 0 6
1 Bottle Vinolia Eau de Cologne ... 0 6
1 Tube Vinolia Tooth Paste ... 0 6
1 Bottle Lait Vinolia ... 0 6
1 Blondeau Perfume (either one of the odours mentioned) ... 0 6

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR GENTLEMEN.

7/6

A 7s. 6d. Parcel of Choice Vinolia Toilet Articles includes the following—s. d.
1 Box (3 Tablets) Premier Vinolia Soap ... 1 0
1 Box Vinolia Cream ... 1 1 1/2
1 " Vinolia Powder ... 1 0
1 " Premier Vinolia Dentifrice ... 0 6
1 Bottle Brilliantine (for the Hair or Moustache) ... 0 9
1 Packet Vinolia Cosmetic ... 0 6
1 Premier Vinolia Shaving-Vase ... 1 0
1 " Vinolia Tooth Paste ... 0 6
1 Premier Vinolia Shaving-Stick ... 0 6

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR GENTLEWOMEN.

20/-

A 20s. Parcel of Choice Vinolia Toilet Articles includes the following—s. d.
1 Box Vinolia Violette de Parfums ... 3 6
1 Box Vinolia Cream ... 1 9
1 " Blondeau Carbolic Tooth Powder ... 0 6
1 Box Vinolia Powder ... 0 6
1 Tube Vinolia Tooth Paste ... 0 6
1 Lysyl ... 0 6
1 Bottle Vinolia English Dentifrice ... 2 6
1 " Lait Vins. ... 0 9
1 " Blondeau Perfume (either one of the odours mentioned) ... 2 0
1 Bottle Vinolia Eau de Cologne ... 1 0
1 Vase Vinolia Pomade ... 2 0
1 " Vinolia Hair Wash (dry or moist) ... 1 0
1 Bottle Vinolia Lavender Water ... 1 0
1 " Vinolia Brilliantine ... 0 9
1 Vase Vinolia Pomade ... 2 0
1 Tin Vinolia Violet Powder ... 0 6

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR GENTLEMEN.

20/-

A 20s. Parcel of Choice Vinolia Toilet Articles includes the following—s. d.
1 Box Vinolia Violette de Parfums ... 3 6
1 Box Vinolia Cream ... 1 9
1 " Vinolia Powder ... 1 0
1 " Blondeau Carbolic Tooth Powder ... 0 6
1 Bottle Vinolia English Dentifrice ... 2 6
1 Blondeau Perfume (either one of the odours mentioned) ... 2 0
1 Bottle Vinolia Hair Wash (moist or dry) ... 1 0
1 " Vinolia Brilliantine (for the Hair or Moustache) ... 0 9
1 Vase Vinolia Pomade ... 2 0
1 Vinolia Cosmetic (for the Moustache) ... 1 0
1 Toilet Vinolia Shaving-Stick ... 1 0
1 " Vinolia Shaving-Cake ... 2 0
1 Tube Vinolia Shaving-Cream ... 0 9
1 " Lysyl ... 0 6

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR GENTLEWOMEN.

3/-

A 3s. Parcel of Choice Vinolia Toilet Articles includes the following—s. d.
1 Box Premier Vinolia Soap ... 0 4
1 2-oz. Packet Vinolia Violet Powder ... 0 3
1 Blondeau Perfume (either one of the odours mentioned) ... 0 6
1 Tube Vinolia Tooth Paste ... 0 6
1 Box Premier Vinolia Dentifrice ... 0 6
1 Tube Lysyl ... 0 6
1 Vinolia Lavender Water ... 0 6

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR GENTLEMEN.

3/-

A 3s. Parcel of Choice Vinolia Toilet Articles includes the following—s. d.
1 Box Premier Vinolia Soap ... 0 4
1 Box Premier Vinolia Dentifrice ... 0 6
1 2-oz. Packet Vinolia Violet Powder ... 0 3
1 Premier Vinolia Shaving-Stick ... 0 6
1 Blondeau Perfume (either one of the odours mentioned) ... 0 6
1 Vinolia Cosmetic (for the Moustache) ... 0 6
1 Tube Vinolia Tooth Paste ... 0 6

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR GENTLEWOMEN.

10/-

A 10s. Parcel of Choice Vinolia Toilet Articles includes the following—s. d.
1 Box (3 Tablets) Premier Vinolia Soap ... 1 0
1 Box Soap ... 1 0
1 Box Vinolia Cream ... 1 1 1/2
1 " Vinolia Powder ... 1 0
1 " Premier Vinolia Dentifrice ... 0 6
1 Tin Vinolia Violet Powder ... 0 6
1 Blondeau Perfume (either one of the odours mentioned) ... 1 0
1 Bottle Vinolia Eau de Cologne ... 1 0
1 " Lait Vinolia ... 0 9
1 " Vinolia Lavender Water ... 1 0
1 " Brilliantine (for the Hair) ... 0 9
1 Vinolia Sachet (any odour) ... 0 6
1 Tube Lysyl ... 0 6
1 " Vinolia Tooth Paste ... 0 6

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR GENTLEMEN.

10/-

A 10s. Parcel of Choice Vinolia Toilet Articles includes the following—s. d.
1 Box (3 Tablets) Blondeau Violet Soap ... 1 0
1 Box Soap ... 1 0
1 Box Vinolia Cream ... 1 1 1/2
1 " Vinolia Powder ... 1 0
1 " Premier Vinolia Dentifrice ... 0 6
1 Bottle Blondeau Perfume (either one of the odours mentioned) ... 1 0
1 Bottle Vinolia Brilliantine (for the Hair or Moustache) ... 0 9
1 Tube Vinolia Tooth Paste ... 0 6
1 Toilet Vinolia Shaving-Stick ... 1 0
1 Premier Vinolia Shaving-Cake ... 0 4
1 Toilet Vinolia Shaving-Foam ... 1 0
1 Packet Vinolia Cosmetic (for the Moustache) ... 0 6
1 2-oz. Packet Vinolia Violet Powder ... 0 3

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR GENTLEWOMEN.

25/-

A 25s. Parcel of Choice Vinolia Toilet Articles includes the following—s. d.
1 Box Vestal Vinolia Soap (3 Tabs.) ... 7 6
1 " Blondeau Violet Soap ... 1 6
1 " Vinolia Cream ... 1 9
1 " Vinolia Powder ... 1 0
1 Tube Vinolia Shaving-Cake ... 0 6
1 Lysyl ... 0 6
1 Bottle Vinolia English Dentifrice ... 2 6
1 " Lait Vinolia ... 0 9
1 " Blondeau Perfume (either one of the odours mentioned) ... 2 0
1 Bottle Eau de Cologne ... 1 0
1 " Vinolia Hair Wash (dry or moist) ... 1 0
1 Bottle Vinolia Lavender Water ... 1 0
1 " Vinolia Brilliantine ... 0 9
1 Vase Vinolia Pomade ... 2 0
1 Tin Vinolia Violet Powder ... 0 6

A CHRISTMAS PRESENT FOR GENTLEMEN.

25/-

A 25s. Parcel of Choice Vinolia Toilet Articles includes the following—s. d.
1 Box Vestal Vinolia Soap (3 Tabs.) ... 7 6
1 " Vinolia Cream ... 1 9
1 " Vinolia Powder ... 1 0
1 Bottle Blondeau American Dentifrice ... 1 6
1 Bottle Blondeau Perfume (either one of the odours mentioned) ... 2 0
1 Bottle Vinolia Brilliantine (for the Hair or Moustache) ... 1 3
1 Bottle Vinolia Hair Wash (moist or dry) ... 1 0
1 Vase Vinolia Pomade ... 2 0
1 Vinolia Cosmetic (for the Moustache) ... 0 6
1 Vestal Shaving-Stick ... 2 0
1 Vinolia Shaving-Vase and Soap (with Lysyl) ... 2 6
1 Tube Vinolia Shaving-Cream ... 0 9
1 " Lysyl ... 0 6

10^d. TOILET VINOLIA SOAP

(OTTO)

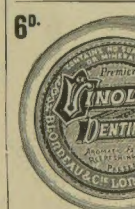
Scented with Choice Otto of Rose Perfume.

Beautifies the Complexion.

The GENTLEWOMAN reports—

"Strongly recommended to keep the skin smooth and free from roughness."

2/6 per Box of 3 Tablets.



VINOLIA DENTIFRICE

Aromatic, Tonic, Refreshing.

Preservative.

Keeps the Teeth Ivory White.

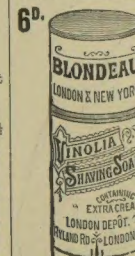
Premier, in Round Box and Glass Bottle, 6d.

English, 2/6.

American, 1/6.

VINOLIA TOOTH PASTE.

Delicately Perfumed, 6d.



VINOLIA SHAVING SOAP.

Causes no Blotches under the Chin. Does not irritate the skin.

STICKS, Premier, 6d.

Toilet, 1/6, 2/6; Vestal, 2/-

FLAT Cakes, Premier, 1/-; Toilet, 2/-;

Toilet, 2/6.

VINOLIA SHAVING CREAM.

For use without Brush & Water. In Collapsible Tube, 9d.

VINOLIA SHAVING FOAM.

For use with Water. Lathers freely. In Collapsible Tube.

Toilet, 9d., 2/6; Vestal, 1/6.



VINOLIA SHAVING VASE.

3/6

Vinolia hand-painted Shaving Vase, and a Cake of Vinolia Toilet Shaving Soap.

With Lid, 3/6.

Without Lid, 3/-.

Refills for Vase: Toilet, 1/6.

Vestal, 2/-.



VINOLIA HAIR WASH.

Freshens and Revivifies the Hair.

In 3 Odours: Portugal, Rose, and Violet.

1/- per Bottle.



VINOLIA BRILLIANTINE.

Is distinguished from the old-fashioned Brilliantine,

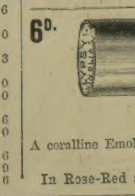
in which the oil floats on the surface. The oil

in Vinolia Brilliantine is in a state of solution.

Does not leave the Hair greasy and sticky.

For the Hair, 9d., 1/3, 2/-

For the Moustache, 9d., 1/3, 2/-



LYSYL.

A coralline Emollient for Dry, Rough, Cracked, or Faded Lips.

In Rose-Red and White Tints. 6d. and 1/-

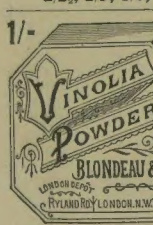


VINOLIA CREAM

For Itching, Face Spots, Chaps, Chillsblains.

The LANCET reports: "An emollient cream for the skin in eczema, rash, eruptions, &c."

1/1, 1/9, 3/6, and 6/- per Box.



VINOLIA POWDER

For Redness, Roughness, Toilet, Nursery, &c.

The LADY'S PICTORIAL reports: "Superseding the old-fashioned toilet powders, which are apt to cause acne spots on the face by blocking up the pores of the skin."

In White, Pink, and Cream Tints.

1/-, 1/9, 3/6, and 6/- per Box.



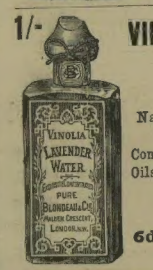
VINOLIA VIOLET POWDER

Specially Prepared for Toilet and Nursery Use.

Can be used with the most absolute safety on the most delicate and inflamed skin.

In 2-oz. Packet, 3d.

In 4-oz. Packet and Tin, 6d.

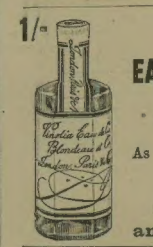


VINOLIA LAVENDER WATER.

Natural and Very Lasting.

Contains the Finest Essential Oils, and being Concentrated, is the most Economical.

6d., 1/-, 2/-, and 3/6 per Bottle.



VINOLIA EAU DE COLOGNE.

Fragrant, Refreshing.

As Fine as can possibly be Made.

6d., 1/-, 2/-, 3/3, and 5/6 per Bottle.



BLONDEAU PERFUMES.

Concentrated—Delicate—Pure

White Lilac

White Heliotrope

White Rose

White Violet

White Musk

White Sandal

White Ylang

White Nippon

White Stange

White Violet

White Rose

White Musk

White Sandal

White Ylang

White Nippon

White Stange

BLONDEAU ET CIE, Malden Crescent, LONDON, N.W.

been in the Minister's service for fourteen years, lately lost his mother. A few days ago he was found by her grave after a fast of fourteen hours; and then he was found dead, having hung himself under stress of grief in an outhouse in Mr. Chamberlain's grounds.

The champion beef-eater, we may chronicle with either pride or humiliation, as the fit takes us, is no longer an Englishman. He is an American, Mr. Isaac Fromme, and he has consumed seven pounds of beefsteak at one meal. History does not say how far this record beats that of Judge Van Wyck, whose opponents said that his only qualification for the New York Mayoralty was his capacity to eat more beefsteak than any other man in New York at a single sitting.

The Edinburgh printers have got to work again, on a settlement which means concessions on both

sides. The printers, no doubt, chose with considerable sagacity their time to strike; and the production of such books as "The Beth Book," for which a large circulation was contemplated, became at one time a subject of severe anxiety to London publishers whose contracts were with Edinburgh printers. The basis of the settlement between masters and men now happily reached is an increase of wages, but no reduction of hours.

The forthcoming eclipse of the sun in India will take several amateurs as well as professional astronomers from England to the Dependency. One of these is the Earl of Rosse, who inherits his father's love of star-gazing, and who will go in the company of Dr. Copeland.

The Cricket St. Thomas estate in the West Country has been bought from Lord Bridport by Mr. F. J. Fry, of Bristol. Mr. Fry is a member of the chocolate firm, which

employs three thousand people, and who, no doubt, will have some pleasant reunions on their master's newly acquired estate. Lord Bridport, by the way, has some very fine orange plantations in Sicily.

It has been said that the lessened influence of Peers in politics has left them "no duties but death-duties." The late Earl Grey did not desire to discharge even these, and he executed a deed under which his Northumberland estates passed during his lifetime to the present Earl, subject to a charge of £4000 a year. The present Earl Grey pleaded, in consequence, exemption from the payment of death-duty, except only on the £4000 a year that is saved to him by the late Earl's death. The decision of the Court of Appeal went against him, however, and he has been ordered to pay duty on the whole property, as if he had succeeded to it in the ordinary course.

FISHER'S CASKETS.



THE BEST XMAS PRESENT.

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